

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. The Pearls and Mock-Pearls of History, . . .	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , 643
2. An Only Son. Part 4, . . .	<i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , 669
3. Dr. John Brown's Horæ Subsecivæ, . . .	<i>North British Review</i> , 686
4. Civil War in America, . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , 695
5. Law of the American Seas, . . .	" 697
6. Aspects of American Affairs, . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , 698
7. Relations of England and Englishmen to America, . . .	<i>Economist</i> , 699
8. America—Italy—Austria, . . .	<i>Once a Week</i> , 701

POETRY.—Army Hymn, 642. My Holiday, 642. The Volunteer to his Tooth-Brush, 642. Queen Elizabeth's Verses, written while Prisoner at Woodstock, 668.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Sea-Weed as a Non-Conductor, 685. City and Suburb, 694. Russians on the Amur, 704.

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642 MY HOLIDAY.—THE VOLUNTEER TO HIS TOOTH-BRUSH.

ARMY HYMN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Old Hundred."

O LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !
Behold the sacrifice we bring !
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;
Thy hand hath made our nation free ;
To die for her is serving thee.

Be thou a pillared flame to show
In thy dread name we draw the sword ;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations ! Sovereign Lord !
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE !

—Atlantic Monthly.

MY HOLIDAY.

THE town is blackening on the sky,
Its muffled thunder rolls away,
To weary heart and languid eye
There beams a holier light of day.
O sorrow-lined and throbbing brow,
Long pressed against the bars of toil,
What ecstasy awaits thee now
On yonder sunny stainless soil !

The opening landscape stretches wide,
An endless swell of hill and plain,
With, through the golden haze descried,
A distant glimmer of the main.
The woodland minstrels carol clear
From out each green sequestered nook,
And 'neath their leafy haunts I hear
The laughing answer of the brook.

And losing here all sense of wrong,
I feel no more the clutch of care,
And dream a world of light and song
Where all are happy, all is fair.
But o'er me steals the envious eve,
And spreads a veil of sober gray,
When, as I take reluctant leave,
A glory dies along the way.

The fading landscape fills with change,
The flowers grow sadly pale and droop,
And writhing trees with shadows strange,
Across my darkening pathway stoop.
Long branches thrust from bank and crag
Seem, in the dim and dubious light,
Bare withered arms of some lone hag,
Whose incantations thrill the night.

Again the engine thunders on—
My car of triumph hours before—
The vision and the bliss are gone,
Yet memory hoards her golden store.

And there, perchance, may burst a gleam
In after hours of weary noise,
That may recall this passing dream
Of happy sights and holy joys.
—All the Year Round.

THE VOLUNTEER TO HIS TOOTH-BRUSH.

I LAY no stress upon my dress,
No dandy arts are mine :
A sponge and tub for morning scrub,
A wash hands ere I dine :
Two hair-brushes together plied
(I could make shift with one),
A rude skin-parting roughly made—
And so my toilette's done.

And yet, all Spartan as I am,
A pang my hand doth stay,
When stern Macmurdo order gives,
" Your tooth-brush fling away !"
I little thought, when in the ranks
A rifle first I bore,
That when gunpowder's day set in,
Tooth-powder's day was o'er.

Defiance in the foeman's teeth
I am prepared to fling ;
But leaving my own teeth uncleaned
Is quite another thing—
By turning Rifle Volunteer
John Bull his teeth doth show,
And I should like my ivories
To be a polished row.

What if the British Lion draws
His weapons from their sheath,—
Out of their velvet shows his claws
Out of their lips his teeth—
Will there be less of terror hid
In that grim mouth or paws,
When nail-brush to his feet's forbid,
And tooth-brush to his jaws ?

We're ready when we're called on,
To take the field—I know :
And though mere babes in arms, we'll try
A brush with any foe.
But betwixt us and the foemen,
As fierce the brush will be,
If we are first allowed a brush
Betwixt our teeth to see.

That cleanliness to godliness
Is next allied we're told :
And though I'm no Diogenes
Still to my tub I hold.
But tubs and Turkish towelling
Upon campaign, I know,
Are luxuries which Volunteers
Must cheerfully forego.

With unblackened boot I'm game to shoot,
To fight with unbrushed hair,
But thou, my tooth-brush—I had hoped
That thee at last they'd spare.
In pack or pocket, fob or pouch,
For thee there's surely room,
Whatever Spartan Napier preach,
Or stern Macmurdo doom !

—Punch.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *L'Esprit des Auteurs, recueilli et raconté*, par Edouard Fournier. Troisième Edition. Paris, 1857.
2. *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire. Recherches et Curiosités sur les Mots Historiques*. Par Edouard Fournier. Deuxième Edition. Paris, 1860.

MANY years before "aerated bread" was heard of, a company was formed at Pimlico for utilizing the moisture which evaporates in the process of baking, by distilling spirit from it instead of letting it go to waste. Adroitly availing himself of the popular suspicion that the company's loaves must be unduly deprived of alcohol, a ready-witted baker put up a placard inscribed "*Bread with the Gin in it*," and customers rushed to him in crowds. We strongly suspect that any over-scrupulous writer who should present history without its pleasant illusions, would find himself in the condition of the projectors who foolishly expected an enlightened public to dispense (as they thought) with an intoxicating ingredient in their bread.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici!
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error."

"A mixture of lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken from men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?" So says Lord Bacon; and few aphorisms in prose or verse are more popular than Gray's "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." The poet may have been true to his vocation when he rhymed, rather than reasoned, in this fashion; but the philosopher would have been lamentably untrue to *his*, had he seriously propounded a doctrine which any looseness of interpretation could convert or pervert into an argument against truth, knowledge, or intelligence. Fortunately, the context shows that he was speaking of what is, not of what ought to be, and was no more prepared to contend that credulity and falsehood are legitimate or lasting sources of mental gratification, than that the largest amount of physical enjoyment may be ensured by drunkenness. After

speculating a little on the prevalent fondness for delusion, he concludes: "Yet howsoever these things are in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature."

This last emphatic sentence should be kept constantly in mind during the perusal of the books named at the head of this article. The object of the first, "*L'Esprit des Auteurs*," is the unsparing exposure of literary plagiarism in France. In the second, "*L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*," the learned and ingenious author gallantly undertakes to investigate the title of the leading characters in French history to the wisest and wittiest sayings, and some of the noblest doings, recorded of them. Kings, generals, and statesmen, are all thrown into the crucible, and in many instances we are unable to say of them (what Dryden said of Shakspeare) that, burn him down as you would, there would always be precious metal at the bottom of the melting-pot. Not a few subside into a mere *caput mortuum*, or emerge "poor shrunken things," with no future hold on posterity beyond what long-indulged error may maintain for them. On the other hand, the value of the genuine gem is ineffably enhanced by the detection of the counterfeit; and there is more room to walk about and admire the real heroes and heroines in the Pantheon or Walhalla when the pretenders are dismissed. At the same time, we cannot help wondering at the favor with which M. Fournier's disclosures have been received by his countrymen; and we might be disposed to admire rather than to emulate his courage, if analogous results were likely to ensue from an equally rigid examination of the recorded or traditional claims of Englishmen. But, in the first place, there is good reason to believe that he carries scepticism to an undue extent, and insists on an amount of proof which, by the nature of things is commonly unattainable. In the second place, our English habit of fully and freely canvassing assumed or asserted merit at its rise, and of immolating instead of pampering our national vanity, if (as in the case of the Crimean War) occasionally detrimental to our credit and influ-

ence abroad, carries at least one compensation with it. We have little cause to tremble lest our long-established idols should be thrown down.

We propose, therefore, besides profiting by M. Fournier's discoveries, to extend our researches to general history and biography, ancient and modern. Most especially let us see whether the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, owe as much to borrowed plumes as the Capets and Bourbons; whether the stirring and pithy sentences of Wolfe and Nelson are as much a myth as those of Desaix and Cambronne; whether our English worthies, civil and military, have been portrayed with the same exclusive reference to artistic effect, and the same noble independence of strict accuracy, as the French.

Before setting to work in right earnest on his more limited task, M. Fournier throws out a strong intimation, that he could likewise shatter the foundations of many a fair structure of Greek and Roman heroism if he thought fit. Nor would it be altogether safe for the worshippers of classical antiquity to defy him to the proof.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have
vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

Most of the associated traditions have necessarily vanished with them, or cut a sorry figure without their mythological costume. What are Romulus and Remus without their descent from Mars and their wet-nurse of a wolf? or what is Numa without Egeria? If one part of a story is palpably and confessedly fiction, can the rest be admitted without hesitation to be fact? Until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century, the earlier portions of Greek and Roman history were as implicitly believed as the later, and, from their exciting character, naturally sank deeper into the popular mind. In ignorance or forgetfulness of occasional hints thrown out by riper scholars, writers like Echard, Vertot, Rollin, and Hooke persevered in copying and amplifying the narratives of Herodotus, Livy, and Plutarch, as confidently as those of Thucydides, Cæsar, and Tacitus. The

spell was not effectually broken till Niebuhr (improving on M.M. De Pouilly and De Beaufort) undertook to show, principally from internal evidence, that nearly the whole of the received history of Rome for the first four or five hundred years was apocryphal. An able review of the ensuing controversy will be found in the introduction to "An Inquiry into the Credibility of the early Roman History," by Sir G. C. Lewis, who objects to Niebuhr's method, and insists with excessive rigor that external proof or testimony is the only trustworthy source or test.

"Historical evidence," he says, "like judicial evidence, is founded on the testimony of credible witnesses. Unless these witnesses had personal and immediate perception of the facts which they report, unless they saw and heard what they undertake to relate as having happened, their evidence is not entitled to credit. As all original witnesses must be contemporary with the events which they attest, it is a necessary condition for the credibility of a witness that he be a contemporary, though a contemporary is not necessarily a credible witness. Unless therefore, an historical account can be traced, by probable proof, to the testimony of contemporaries, the first condition of historical credibility fails."

No account of Rome or the Romans for more than four hundred years after the foundation of the city fulfils this condition; and the first book of Livy, containing the regal period, can lay claim (when thus tested) to no higher authority than Lord Macaulay's "Lays." Livy states that whatever records existed prior to the burning of Rome by the Gauls (three hundred sixth-five years after its foundation), were then burnt or lost. We are left, therefore, in the most embarrassing uncertainty whether Tarquin outraged Lucretia; or Brutus shamming idiocy, and condemned his sons to death; or Mutius Scævola thrust his hand into the fire; or Curtius jumped into the gulf (if there was one); or Clælia swam the Tiber; or Cocles defended a bridge against an army. Livy confesses his inability to fix the respective nationality of the Horatii and Curiatii; and Sir George Lewis presses with unanswerable force the absurdity of supposing that Coriolanus acted a twentieth part of the melodramatic scenes assigned to him; as, for example, that, with Tullus Aufidius at his side, he was permitted at his mother's

intercession, to lead back the Volscians thirsting for revenge.

Herodotus has fared even worse than Livy at the hands of some modern critics (although, by the way, the tenor of recent discoveries has been much in his favor); and Mr. Gladstone's argument for converting Homer into a regular annalist on the strength of the minuteness and verisimilitude of his descriptions and details, would serve equally well to prove that Robinson Crusoe actually inhabited his island, or that Gulliver was really wrecked at Lilliput. We can fully sympathize with the amiable, eloquent, and accomplished Chancellor of the Exchequer in his eagerness to rehabilitate Helen, socially and morally, by showing in what high esteem she was held by Priam; but unless she was superior to all female weakness, there was a matter which occasioned her more anxiety than her character. Sir Robert Walpole used to say that he never despaired of restoring a woman's placability, unless she had been called old or ugly. Now the age of this respected matron has been discussed with more learning and critical skill than gallantry; and the prevalent opinion of erudite Germany seems to be that she was past sixty when Homer brings her upon the stage.

We could fill pages with the sceptical doubts of scholiasts, who would fain deprive Diogenes of his lantern and his tub, Æsop of his hump, Sappho of her leap, Rhodes of its Colossus, and Dionysius the First of his ear; nay, who pretend that Cadmus did not come from Phœnicia, that Belisarius was not blind, that Portia did not swallow burning coals, and that Dionysius the Second never kept a school at Corinth. Others, without incurring any suspicion of paradox, have exposed the monstrous exaggerations of the Greeks in their accounts of the invasions of Xerxes, whose host is computed by Lamprière (that unerring guide of the ingenuous youth of both sexes) at 5,283,220 souls. "This multitude, *which the fidelity of historians has not exaggerated*, was stopped at Thermopylæ by three hundred Spartans under King Leonidas." * The Persian commissariat must have been much better regu-

lated than the French or English before Sebastopol, if half a million of fighting men were ever brought within fifty miles of Thermopylæ. Still there may have been enough to give occasion for the remark of the Spartans, that, if the Persian arrows flew so thick as to intercept the sun, they should fight in the shade—enough also to elicit the touching reflection of Xerxes as he gazed upon the assembled host; if, indeed, this should not be rejected as out of keeping with the mad pranks he played on the first occurrence of a check.

This is one of the instances in which, as Sir George Lewis would admit, internal evidence is superior to external. Herodotus was four years old when the Persian invasion commenced: he was only thirty-nine when he recited his History at the Olympic Games. He must have conversed with many who had been personally engaged in the war: he was truthful, if superstitious and credulous; and contemporary testimony might doubtless have been procured, that, to the best of the deponent's belief, the Persian army drank up rivers on their march. Internal probability or improbability must also be allowed considerable weight, when we have to deal with the records of a later age. Modern chemists have been unable to discover how Hannibal could have levelled rocks, or Cleopatra dissolved pearls, with vinegar. Napoleon at St. Helena occasionally read and commented on the alleged traits of ancient valor and virtue:—

"He strongly censured what he called historical sillinesses (*niaiserie*), ridiculously exalted by the translators and commentators. These betrayed from the beginning, he said, historians who judged ill of men and their position. It was wrong, for example, to make so much of the continence of Scipio, or to expatiate on the calm of Alexander, Cæsar, and others, for having slept on the eve of a battle. None but a monk excluded from women, whose face glows at their approach, could make it a great merit in Scipio not to have outraged one whom chance placed in his power. As to sleeping immediately before a battle, there are none of our soldiers, of our generals, who have not repeated this marvel twenty times; and nearly all their heroism lay in the foregoing fatigue."

Napoleon might have referred to Aulus the tradition of the three hundred Spartans, whom respectable authors have computed at seven thousand, and even at twelve thousand.

* Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary." Last edition. Title *Xerxes*. "To admit this overwhelming total, or any thing near to it, is obviously impossible."—Grote, vol. v. p. 46. Mr. Grote accepts

Gellius, who, after a mocking allusion to the continence of Scipio, and a similar instance of self-restraint practised by Alexander towards the wife and sister of Darius, adds :—

"It is said of this Scipio, I know not whether truly or otherwise, but it is related that when a young man he was not immaculate; and it is *nearly* certain (*propemodum constitis*) that these verses were written by Cn. Nævius, the poet, against him :—

"Etiam qui res magnas manu sæpe gessit
gloriose;

Cujus facta viva nunc vigent; qui apud gentes
solus

Præstat; eum suus pater cum pallio uno ab
amica abduxit."

I believe that these verses induced Valerius Antias to express himself concerning the morality of Scipio in contradiction to all other writers, and to say that this captive maid was not restored to her father.*

It is hard on Scipio to be deprived of his prescriptive reputation for continence on no better testimony than this. But "be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." A German pedant has actually ventured to question the purity of Lucretia. By way of set-off, Messalina has been brought upon the French stage as the innocent victim of calumny. A Roman courtesan, so runs the plot, so closely resembled her as to impose upon the most charitable of her contemporaries, and make them believe that she was engaged in a succession of orgies, while she was spinning with her maids. She is killed just as the terrible truth dawns upon her, without being allowed time to clear herself. The combined part of the courtesan and the empress was one of Rachel's masterpieces.

It has been thought odd that so wise a king as Philip should have exclaimed, on witnessing Alexander's Rarey-like adroitness in taming Bucephalus, "Seek another kingdom, my son, for Macedon is too small for thee;" and Cæsar's exhortation to the pilot, *Cæsarem vehis*, has been discredited by Napoleon and others † on the ground that

* "The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius;" B. vi. c. 8 (translated by Beloe), vol. ii. p. 23.

† "In reading, Napoleon learnt to scepticism and paradox; as for instance, he ridiculed as improbable the story of Cæsar's escape in the boat, and his speech to the boatman, and was much inclined to disparage the talents, and more particularly the military skill, of that extraordinary man."—Lord Holland's *Foreign Reminiscences*, p. 295. The Duke of Wellington always professed the highest admiration of Cæsar's military talents.

the incident is not mentioned in the "Commentaries." Neither is the voyage during which it is supposed to have happened, which was an ill-advised and unsuccessful attempt to reach Brundisium by sea. Although the pilot recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to mind the helm, the vessel was obliged to put back, and the entire adventure was one which Cæsar had little cause to remember with complacency. He is equally silent as to another rash expedition, in which he ran imminent risk of being taken prisoner by the Gauls. If his mere silence is decisive, we must also reject the story of his crossing the Rubicon, which is told with striking and minute details by both Plutarch and Suetonius, who report his words thus: *Eatur quo deorum ostenta et inimicorum iniquitas vocat. Jacta alea esto.*

The most remarkable incident of his death is one of the most puzzling instances of popular faith which we are acquainted with. How, and when, came the *Et tu, Brute*, to be substituted for the more touching reproach set down for him by the only writers of authority who pretend to give the precise words? According to Plutarch, Casca having struck the first blow, Cæsar turned upon him, and laid hold of his sword. "At the same time they both cried out—the one in Latin, 'Villain Casca, what dost thou mean?' and the other in Greek to his brother, 'Brother, help!' Some say he opposed the rest, and continued struggling and crying out, till he perceived the sword of Brutus; then he drew his robe over his face, and yielded to his fate."* Nicolas Damascenus mentions no one as speaking except Casca, who, he says, "calls to his brother in Greek, on account of the tumult."† The statement of Suetonius is, that Cæsar was pierced with twenty-three wounds, without uttering a sound beyond one groan at the first blow; "although some have handed down, that, to Marcus Brutus, rushing on, he said *Καὶ σὺ, τέκνον*." In some editions of Suetonius the words *καὶ σὺ εἰ* (or *εἰς*) *ἐκείνῳ* are added, which would make "And you, my son, and you are one of them."‡ The "son" is supposed to imply

* Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar." In the "Life of Brutus" nothing is said of the effects of Brutus' appearance.

† "Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum," vol. iii. p. 445.

‡ The Rev. Charles Merivale, who, in the text of

something more than an ordinary term of affection, for in a preceding passage, after naming several Roman ladies with whom Cæsar had intrigued, Suetonius adds, "Sed ante alias dilexit M. Bruti matrem, Serviliam."

The history of modern Europe is susceptible of the same threefold division as that of Greece and Rome. It comprises the fabulous, the semi-fabulous, and the historic, period. We regret to say that Arthur and his Round Table belong to the first—so indisputably belong to it, that archæologists are still disputing whether the bevy of knights and dames, on whom poetic genius has recently shed fresh lustre, are the creation of French Brittany or the veritable progeny of the ancient Britons, whose Welsh descendants claim them as the brightest ornament of their race.* Charlemagne belongs to the second period, and what we read of him and his court is a mixture of ill-ascertained truth and proved or provable fable. His paladins are as mythical as Arthur's knights, and many of the traditions that do him most honor have been rudely shaken.

So prodigious an amount of learning and acuteness, German and English, has been brought to bear on Anglo-Saxon history, that no excuse is left for illusion, however pleasant. Dr. Reinhold Pauli has carefully examined the authorities for the popular stories of Alfred the Great, and reluctantly admits that they are far from satisfactory. We are not prepared to give up the story of the burned cakes because it is not to be found in the extant fragments of his Life by his friend Asser, but our faith is somewhat shaken in that of his venturing into the Danish camp in the disguise of a minstrel, when we learn that it is not told of him by any of the old Saxon writers, that it is told of another Saxon monarch, and that it

his valuable work, "The Romans under the Empire," adopts the current story, says in a note, "Of course no reliance can be placed on such minute details. The whole statement of the effect of the sight of Brutus upon Cæsar may be a fiction suggested by the vulgar story of the relation between them."

* See Wright's edition of "La Mort d'Arthur," in three volumes. London, 1858. As to the worthlessness of the earliest histories of Arthur and Charlemagne, on which the latter are mainly based, see Mr. Buckle's *History*, 292, 297.

breathes more of the Scandinavian-Norman than the Saxon spirit.*

The Chancellor Lord Eldon, who took his bachelor's degree in 1770, used to say "An examination for a degree at Oxford was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in history: 'What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?' I replied 'Golgotha.' 'Who founded University College?' I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted) that King Alfred founded it. 'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'" If Alfred founded the oldest college, he, in one sense, founded the university; but the sole authority for the hypothesis is a passage in Asser, which is no longer to be found.†

We are gravely told, on historical authority, by Moore, in a note to one of his Irish "Melodies"—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore;"

that during the reign of Brian, king of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels. Precisely the same story is told of Alfred, of Frothi, King of Denmark, and of Rollo, Duke of Normandy.

Another romantic anecdote fluctuating between two or more sets of actors, is an episode in the amours of Emma, the alleged daughter of Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow had fallen thickly during a nightly interview with her lover, Eginhard, took him upon her shoulders, and carried him to some distance from her bower, to prevent his footsteps from being traced. Unluckily, Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma or Imma; and a hundred years before the

* "König Aelfred und seine Stelle in der Geschichte Englands, von Dr. Reinhold Pauli." Berlin, 1851; pp. 130-132.

† See Gough's edition of "Camden's Britannia," fol. 1799, p. 299, and "Thorpe's Translation of Lappenberg's *History*," Preface, p. 38. Mr. Hallam says, in his Introduction to the "Literature of Europe," vol. i. p. 16 (6th edit.), "In a former work I gave more credence to its foundation by Alfred than I am now inclined to do."

appearance (in 1600) of the *Chronicle* which records the adventure, it had been related in print of a German emperor and a damsel unknown. Let us hope, for the honor of the fair sex, that it is true of somebody. Fielding, after recording an instance in which Joseph Andrews' muscular powers enable him to ensure the safety of Fanny, exclaims, "Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you;" and he exhorts them not to match themselves with spindle-shanked beaux and *petit-mâtres*. Could we put faith in Emma's exploit, it might justify an exhortation to the male sex to give the preference to ladies strong enough to carry a husband or lover on an emergency; especially when we remember the story of the women of Weinberg, who, when that fortress was about to be stormed, obtained permission to come out, carrying with them whatever they deemed most valuable, and surprised the besiegers by issuing from the gate each carrying her husband on her back.

The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the death of the Danish monarch. Hume treats the popular legend of fair Rosamond as fabulous. According to Lingard, instead of being poisoned by Queen Eleanor, she retired to the convent of Godstow, and dying in the odor of sanctity, was buried with such marks of veneration by the nuns as to provoke a rebuke from their diocesan, who reminded them that "religion makes no distinction between the mistress of a king and the mistress of any other man."

Blondel, harp in hand, discovering his master's place of confinement, is also a fancy-picture; for the seizure and imprisonment of Richard were matters of European notoriety. What is alleged to have befallen him on his way home has found its appropriate place in "Ivanhoe;" and the adventures of monarchs in disguise, from Haroun Alraschid to James the Fifth of Scotland, so frequently resemble each other that we are compelled to suspect a common origin for the majority.

The statement of a Welsh writer of the sixteenth century, that Edward the First

gathered together all the Welsh bards and had them put to death, is implicitly adopted by Hume, and made familiar by Gray:—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king;
Confusion on thy banners wait."

It is glaringly improbable, and rests on no valid testimony of any sort.

Miss Aikin was, we believe, the first to demolish the credibility of the celebrated story, that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazelrig, despairing of the liberties of their country, had actually embarked for New England (in 1638), when they were stopped by an Order in Council. The incident is not mentioned by the best authorities, including Clarendon; and there is no direct proof that either of the three belonged to the expedition in question, which, after a brief delay, was permitted to proceed with its entire freight of Pilgrims.

"As for the greater number of the stories with which the *ana* are stuffed," says Voltaire, "including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth, to Henry the Fourth, to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athenæus and in our old authors. It is in this sense only that one may say '*nil sub sole novum*.'"^{*} He does not stop to give examples, but there is no difficulty in finding them. Thus the current story is, or was, that Baudesson, mayor of Saint Dizier, was so like Henry the Fourth, that the royal guards saluted him as he passed. "Why, friend," said Henry, "your mother must have visited Bearn?" "No," replied the mayor, "it was my father, who occasionally resided there." This story, which is also told of Louis the Fourteenth, is related by Macrobius of Augustus.

Dionysius the tyrant, we are told by Diogenes of Laerte, treated his friends like vases full of good liquors, which he broke when he had emptied them. This is precisely what Cardinal Retz says of Madame de Chevreuse's treatment of her lovers.

The epigrammatic remark given by H. Say to Christina of Sweden, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth, "He has cut off his left arm with the right," belongs to Valentinian. That of the peasant to the same monarch, "It is useless to en-

^{*} "A. M. du M. . . , Membre de Plusieurs Académies, sur Plusieurs Anecdotes." (1774.)—*Voltaire's Works*.

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large your park at Versailles; you will always have neighbors," is copied from Apuleius, and has been placed in the mouth of a Norfolk laborer in reference to the lordly domain of Holkham. Henry the Fourth, when put on his guard against assassination, is reported to have said, "He who fears death will undertake nothing against me; he who despises his own life will always be master of mine." This recalls Seneca's "*Contemptor suæmet vitæ, dominus alienæ*."

Fabriceus, in conference with Pyrrhus, was tempted to revolt to him, Pyrrhus telling him that he should be partner of his fortunes and second person to him. But Fabriceus answered in scorn, to such a motion, "Ah! that would not be good for yourself, for if the Epirotes once knew me, they will rather desire to be governed by me than by you."* Charles the Second told his brother, afterwards James the Second, who was expressing fears for his safety, "Depend upon it, James, to one will kill me to make you king."

There is a story of Sully's meeting a young lady, veiled, and dressed in green, on the back stairs leading to Henry's apartment, and being asked by the king whether he had not been told that his majesty had a fever and could not receive that morning, "Yes, sire, but the fever is gone; I have just met it on the staircase dressed in green." This story is told of Demetrius and his father.

The Emperor Adrian meeting a personal enemy the day after his accession to the throne, exclaimed, "*Evasisti*" ("you have escaped"). Philip, Count of Bresse, becoming Duke of Savoy, said, "It would be shameful in the duke to revenge the injuries done to the count." Third in point of time is the better-known saying of Louis the Twelfth, "The king of France does not revenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans." Instead of being uttered in this laconic form to the Duc de la Tremouille, it formed the conclusion of an address to the deputies of the city of Orleans, who were told "that it would not be decent or honorable in a king of France to revenge the quarrels of a Duke of Orleans."

The three last are amongst the examples adduced by M. Suard† in support of his the-

ory, very different from Voltaire's, respecting the causes of the similarity between striking sayings and doings, which, he contends, is too frequently accepted as a proof of plagiarism in the later speaker or actor, or as affording a presumption of pure fiction from the first. We agree with M. Suard; and an apt analogy is supplied by the history of invention. The honor of almost every important discovery from printing to the electric telegraph, has been vehemently contested by rival claimants; and the obvious reason is that whenever the attention of the learned or scientific world has been long and earnestly fixed upon a subject, it is as if so many heaps of combustible materials had been accumulated, or so many trains laid, any two or three of which may be simultaneously exploded by a spark. The results resemble each other, because each projector is influenced by the same laws of progress; and as the human heart and mind retain their essential features, unaltered by time or space, there is nothing surprising in the fact of two or more persons similarly situated acting on similar impulses or hitting on similar relations of ideas.

This theory, which we believe to be true in the main, has one great recommendation. It is productive, not destructive. It doubles or trebles the accumulated stock of originality; and whenever we light upon a fresh coincidence in nobility of feeling, depth of reflection, readiness or terseness of expression, we may exclaim, "Behold a fresh instance of a quality that does honor to mankind." We have collected some striking specimens in addition to those already mentioned; and if many of them, individually taken, are familiar enough, their juxtaposition may prove new. Sydney Smith says of Mackintosh, "The great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out dazzling and delighting in his conversation." We may at least assist in purifying and utilizing, if we do not greatly augment, the store of these invaluable elements of entertainment and instruction.

The right wing of Hyder Ali's army, in

the "*Revue Française*," Nouvelle Série, tom. vi. On the subject of coincidences in fact and fiction, see also Keightley's "*Tales and Popular Fictions*," chap. i.; and the Preface to his "*Fairy Mythology*."

* Bacon's "Apophtegms."

† "Notes sur l'Esprit d'Imitation," published after his death, with additions by M. Le Clerc, in

an action against the English under Colonel Baillie, was commanded by his son, and intelligence arrived that it was beginning to give way. "Let Tippoo Saib do his best," said Hyder; "he has his reputation to make." What is this but the reply of Edward the Third when exhorted to succor the Black Prince of Crecy?

Commodore Billings, in his account of his Expedition to the Northern Coasts of Russia, says that when he and Mr. Main were on the river Kobima, they were attended by a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamschatka and North America. One day Mr. Main asked him, "What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?" "Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife; and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart; then the savages can do nothing more to you." These recall the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: "Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta, you will cut off my head before they can take me." "Willingly," replied the knight; "I had already thought of doing so if the contingency arrived."

Florus, describing the battle in which Catiline fell, says, "*nemo hostium bello superavit.*" The day after the battle of Rocroy a French officer asked a Spaniard what were the numbers of their veteran infantry before the battle. "You have only, replied he, 'to count the dead and the prisoners.'" A Russian officer being asked the number of the troops to which he had been opposed, pointed to the field of death and said, "You may count them; they are all there."

The *veni, vidi, vici*, of Cæsar has given rise to an infinity of imitators; one of whom has improved upon it. John Sobieski, after relieving Vienna in 1683, announced his victory over the Turks to the pope in these words: "*Je suis venu, j'ai vu, Dieu a vaincu.*"—"I came; I saw; God conquered." Cardinal Richelieu acknowledged the receipt of a Latin work dedicated to him thus: "*Accepi, legi, probavi.*"

When Cæsar slipped and fell, on landing in Africa, he is reported to have exclaimed:

* "The Life of Condé." By Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), p. 22.

"Land of Africa, I take possession of thee!" Thierry, in his "History of the Norman Conquest," says:—

"The duke (the Conqueror) landed the last of all: the moment his foot touched the sand, he made a false step, and fell on his face. A murmur arose, and voices cried, 'Heaven preserve us! a bad sign.' But William, rising, said directly, 'What is the matter? What are you wondering at? I have seized this ground with my hands, and by the brightness of God, so far as it extends, it is mine, it is yours.'"

Froissart relates that Edward the Third fell with such violence on the sea-shore at La Hogue that the blood gushed from his nose, and a cry of consternation was raised: but the king answered quickly, and said, "This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me;" "of the which answer his men were right joyful."

When Mirabeau exclaimed, "I know how near the Tarpeian Rock is to the Capitol," he may have been thinking of Pope Alexander the Sixth's words, "*Vide, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuum.*" But no parallel has been found for Chancellor Oxenstiern's famous remark to his son, although the reflection is precisely what we should have expected to find in some ancient cynic or satirist.

The anecdote-mongers of antiquity relate of Pompey, that, when the danger of a meditated voyage (to bring provisions for Rome in a scarcity) was pressed upon him, he said: "This voyage is necessary, and my life is not." Maréchal Saxe, starting for the campaign of Fontenoy, at the risk of his life, said to Voltaire: "*Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais de partir.*" Voltaire put aside the remonstrances of his friends against his attending the rehearsal of "Irene" with the remark: "*Il n'est pas question de vivre, mais de faire jouer ma tragédie.*" Racine had anticipated both Voltaire and the Maréchal by a line in "Berenice": "*Mais il ne s'agit de vivre, il faut régner.*"

Voltaire, speaking highly of Haller, was told that he was very generous in so doing, since Haller said just the contrary of him. "Perhaps," remarked Voltaire, after a short pause, "we are both of us mistaken." Libanius writes to Aristænetus: "You are always speaking ill of me. I speak nothing but good of you. Do you not fear that nei-

ther of us shall be believed?" "Themistocles in his lower fortune leaned to a gentleman who scorned him; when he grew to his greatness which was soon after, he sought to him. Themistocles said: 'We are both grown wise, but too late.' " * If all the good sayings attributed by Plutarch to Themistocles really belonged to him, they would suffice to place him amongst the wisest and wittiest men of antiquity. But Plutarch, like Voltaire, seldom resists the temptation of a good story; and even the celebrated "Strike, but hear!" is shaken by the fact that Herodotus, the earliest reporter now extant of the debate of the admirals, makes no mention of the speech, and represents Adeimantus, the Corinthian admiral, as the person with whom Themistocles had an altercation upon that occasion; while Plutarch puts the Lacedæmonian admiral, Eurybiades, in the place of Adeimantus; and adds the incident of the intended blow arrested by the words "Strike, but hear!"

The lesson of perseverance in adversity taught by the spider to Robert Bruce, is said to have been taught by the same insect to Tamerlane.

"When Columbus," says Voltaire, "promised a new hemisphere, people maintained that it could not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time." It was to confute such detractors that he resorted to the illustration of the egg, already employed by Brunelleschi when his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence was contested.

The anecdote of Southampton reading "The Faery Queen," whilst Spenser was waiting in the ante-chamber, may pair off with one of Louis XIV. As this magnificent monarch was going over the improvements of Versailles with Le Notre, the sight of each fresh beauty or capability tempts him to some fresh extravagance, till the architect cries out, that, if their promenade is continued in this fashion, it will end in the bankruptcy of the State. Southampton, after sending first twenty, and then fifty guineas, on coming to one fine passage after another, exclaims, "Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined."

The following lines form part of the animated description of the Battle of Bannockburn in the "Lord of the Isles":—

* Bacon's "Apophthegms."

"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneeled.
'Ay, but they kneel to other powers,
And other pardon ask than ours.
See where yon barefoot abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneeled
These men will die, or win the field."

A note refers to Dalrymple's "Annals," which state that the abbot was Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, and the knight to whom the king's remark was addressed, Ingleram de Umfraville. The same mistake is attributed to Charles the Bold before the battle of Granson, to the Duc de Joyeuse before the battle of Courtray, and to the Austrians at Frastenz.

In the scene of "Henry VI.," where Lord Say is dragged before Cade, we find:—

"Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?
Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me."

On the morning of his execution, Charles I. said to his groom of the chambers, "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear not death." * As Bailly was waiting to be guillotined, one of the executioners accused him of trembling. "I am cold" ("*J'ai froid*"), was the reply.

Frederic the Great is reported to have said, in reference to a troublesome assailant: "This man wants me to make a martyr of him, but he shall not have that satisfaction." Vespasian told Demetrius the Cynic, "You do all you can to get me to put you to death, but I do not kill a dog for barking at me." This Demetrius was a man of real spirit and honesty. When Caligula tried to conciliate his good word by a large gift in money, he sent it back with the message: "If you wish to bribe me, you must send me your crown." George III. ironically asked an eminent divine, who was just returned from Rome, whether he had converted the pope. "No, sire, I had nothing better to offer him."

Lord Macaulay relates of Clive, that "twice, whilst residing in the Writers' Buildings at Madras, he attempted to destroy himself, and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circum-

* "Memoirs of the Two Last Years of the Reign of King Charles I." By Sir Thomas Herbert, Groom of the Chambers to his Majesty. London, 1813.

stance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst out into an exclamation that "surely, he was reserved for something great." Wallenstein's character underwent a complete change from the accident of his falling from a great height without hurting himself.

Cardinal Ximenes, upon a muster which was taken against the Moors, was spoken to by a servant of his to stand a little out of the smoke of the harquebuss, but he said again that "that was his incense." * The first time Charles XII. of Sweden was under fire, he inquired what the hissing he heard about his ears was, and being told that it was caused by the musket-balls, "Good," he exclaimed, "this henceforth shall be my music."

Pope Julius II., like many a would-be connoisseur, was apt to exhibit his taste by fault-finding. On his objecting that one of Michel Angelo's statues might be improved by a few touches of the chisel, the artist, with the aid of a few pinches of marble dust, which he dropped adroitly, conveyed an impression that he had acted on the hint. When Halifax found fault with some passages in Pope's translation of Homer, the poet, by the advice of Garth, left them as they stood, but told the peer that they had been retouched, and had the satisfaction of finding him as easily satisfied as his holiness.

When Lyeurgus was to reform and alter the state of Sparta, in the consultation one advised that it should be reduced to an absolute popular equality; but Lyeurgus said to him, "Sir, begin it in your own house." Had Dr. Johnson forgotten this among Bacon's "Apophthegms" when he told Mrs. Macaulay, "Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing, and, to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us?"

In allusion to Napoleon's shaving, Talleyrand observed to Rogers, "A king by birth is shaved by another. He who makes himself *roi* shaves himself." A prince by birth, the great Condé, was shaved by another,

* Bacon's "Apophthegms."

and one day, when submitting to this operation, he remarked aloud to the operator, "You tremble." "And you do not," was the retort. M. Suard supplies a curious parallel to this anecdote by one of an old and infirm *Milord Anglais* who was going through the marriage-ceremony with a young and lovely girl, and held her hand in his, "You tremble." "Don't you?"

The French *Ana* assign to Maréchal Villars, taking leave of Louis XIV., the familiar aphorism (founded on a Spanish proverb), "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself against my enemies." Caning's lines—

"But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend,"

are a versified adaptation of it. Lord Melbourne, on being pressed to do something for a journalist, on the ground that he always supported his lordship when in the right, retorted, "That's just when I don't want his help. Give me a fellow who will stick by me when I am in the wrong." Louis, by the way, complied with the Maréchal's request, for when told by a pretended friend of his that he was making a good thing of his command, "*Il y faisait bien ses affaires*," the king replied, "*Je le crois, mais il fait encore mieux les miennes*."

Louis XIV. is reported to have said to Boileau, on receiving his "Epistle" on the passage of the Rhine, "This is fine, and I should have praised you more had you praised me less." Unluckily, Queen Marguerite (la Reine Margot) had already paid the same compliment to Brantome; and the palm among courtly repartees must be given to Waller's on Charles II.'s asking him how it happened that his panegyric on Cromwell was better than his verses on the Restoration, "Poets, your majesty, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

It is unnecessary to repeat Wilkes' witty but profane remark on Lord Thurlow's exclaiming, "When I forget my king, may my God forget me." Lord John Russell states that Burke, on hearing this, remarked, "And the best thing He can do for him." One of Bacon's "Apophthegms" is, "Bion was sailing, and there fell out a great tempest, and the mariners, that were wicked and dissolute fellows, called upon

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the gods; but Bion said to them, "Peace! let them not know you are here."

Care must be taken to distinguish the cases in which, from failure of collateral proof, or internal evidence, or the characters of the relaters, the repetition or re-appearance of the story raises a reasonable suspicion of its authenticity; and it unfortunately happens that quaint instances of ill-nature, absurdity, stupidity, or worse, are even more likely to be produced in duplicate or triplicate than heroic actions and generous impulses.

Mummius told the commissioners who were employed in carrying the plunder of Corinth, including many masterpieces of Grecian art, to Rome, that he should insist on their replacing any that were destroyed or injured. An Englishman, on hearing of Canova's death, asked his brother if he meant to carry on the business.

One of the petty tyrants of Italy, during the Middle Ages, was met on the middle of a bridge, by the bearer of a sentence of excommunication. He asked the messenger whether he would eat or drink, and cut short his astonishment by explaining that the alternative thereby proposed was whether he would eat up the Papal bull, seal and all, or be flung over the parapet into the river. Martin of Galway, "Humanity Dick," made nearly the same proposal to an Irish process-server, who was foolish enough to venture into a district where the royal writs never ran.

"In such partial views of early times," says Savigny, "we resemble the travellers who remark with great astonishment that in France the little children, nay, even the common people, speak French with perfect fluency."* There is not a country in Europe, and hardly a country in England, where they are not ready to name some individual traveller by whom the same astonishment was expressed. The echo which politely replies, "Very well, I thank you," to the ordinary inquiry after health, may be heard (*mutatis mutandis*) in Gascony as well as at Killarney. Who has not laughed at the story of the letter-writer who concludes: "I would say more but for an impudent Irishman who is looking over my shoulder, and reading every thing I write," with the self-betraying

denial of the Irishman? The story may be read in Galland's *Paroles Remarquables des Orientaux*. It is not impossible that this comic incident or fiction gave Frederic the Great the hint for the terrible *coup de théâtre* in the tent of the officer who, when all lights had been forbidden under pain of death, was found finishing a letter to his wife by the light of a taper: "Add a postscript. Before this reaches you I shall be shot for disobedience of orders;" and shot he was. Mrs. Norton has based a beautiful song upon this event, which is only too well attested.

The same spirit of inquiry which may rob us of some cherished illusions may also relieve human nature from an unmerited stigma of barbarism or cruelty. Thus Heyne absolves Omar from the crime of burning the library of Alexandria; and serious doubts have assailed the authenticity of the order attributed to the legate at the sack of Beziers in 1209: "Kill them all. God will recognize his own." M. Fournier has devoted an entire section to the charge against Charles IX., of firing on the Huguenots with an arquebuss from the window of the Louvre during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and his verdict, after collating the authorities, is "Not proven." In the "Journal" of Barbier the scene is laid in the balcony of the palace of the *Petit Bourbon*, pulled down in 1758.

Shenstone defined good writing to consist in or of "spontaneous thought and labored expression." Many famous sayings comprise these two elements of excellence; the original writer or speaker furnishing the thought, and the chronicler the expression. When the omission, addition, or alteration of a word or two will give point and currency to a phrase, or even elevate a platitude into wit and poetry, the temptation to the historian or biographer seems irresistible.

Chateaubriand, in his *Analyse Raisonnée de l'Histoire de France*, relates that Philip the Sixth, flying from the field of Crecy, arrived late at night before the gates of the Castle of Broye, and on being challenged by the chatelain, cried out, "*Ouvrez; c'est la fortune de la France*" ("Open; it is the fortune of France")—"a finer phrase than that of Cæsar in the storm; magnanimous confidence, equally honorable to the subject and the monarch, and which paints the grand-

* "The Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence," chap. ii

eur of both in the monarchy of Saint Louis." The received authority for this phrase was Froissart, and it will be found faithfully reproduced in the old English translation of Lord Berners. The genuine text is now admitted to be, "*Ouvrez, ouvrez, c'est l'infortuné Roi de France*"—"Open, open; it is the unfortunate king of France"). Buchon, the learned editor of the French Chronicles, hastened to Chateaubriand with the discovery, and suggested the propriety of a correction in the next edition of his book, but found the author of the "*Genius of Christianity*" bent on remaining *splendide mendax* and insensible to the modest merit of truth.

Chateaubriand was no less zealous for the authenticity of Francis the First's famous note to his mother after the battle of Pavia: "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*," which, till recently, rested on tradition and popular belief. The real letter has been printed by M. Champollion, from a manuscript journal of the period, and begins thus:—

"Madame,—Pour vous advenir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses n' m'est demouré que l'honneur et la vie qui est saulé, et pour ce que en nostre adversité cette nouvelle vous fera quelque resconfort, j'ay prié qu'on me laissât pour escrire ces lettres, ce qu'on m'a agréablement accordé."

M. Fournier suggests that the current version may be traced to the Spanish historian, Antonio de Vera, who translates the alleged billet: "*Madama, toto se ha perdido sino es la honra*."

In a note to the "*Henriade*," Voltaire says that Henry the Fourth wrote thus to Crillon:—

"Pends-toi, brave Crillon; nous avons combattu à Arques, et tu n'y étais pas. Adieu, brave Crillon; je vous aime à tort et à travers."

The real letter to Crillon was written from the camp before Amiens seven years after the affair of Arques, and is four times as long. It begins:—

"Brave Crillon, Pendes vous de n'avoir esté près de moy, lundi dernier, à la plus belle occasion," etc., etc.

Henry seems to have been in the habit of telling his friends to hang themselves, for there is extant another billet of his, in the same style to one who had lost an eye:—

"Harambure, Pendes-vous de ne vous être trouvé près de moy en un combat que nous avons en contre les ennemys, où nous avons fait rage," etc. "Adieu, Borgne."

The naval history of England affords a striking example of the same sympathizing spirit of noble emulation. "See," cried Nelson (at Trafalgar), pointing to the Royal Sovereign as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it, and engaged a three-decker, "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action." Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"*

Strange to say, the French historians have once given credit for an honorable action, which was never performed, to Englishmen. The President Henault relates that an English governor had agreed with Du Guesclin to surrender a place on a given day if he was not relieved, and that, Du Guesclin's death occurring in the interval, the governor came out with his principal officers at the time fixed, and laid the keys on the coffin of the constable. Unluckily a contemporary chronicle has been produced, in which it is stated that the garrison tried to back out, and were brought to reason by a threat to put the hostages to death.

Froissart relates in touching detail the patriotic self-devotion of Eustache de Saint Pierre and his five companions, who (he says) delivered up the keys of Calais to Edward the Third, bareheaded, with halters round their necks, and would have been hanged forthwith but for the intervention of the queen. The story had been already doubted by Hume on the strength of another contemporary narrative, in which the king's generosity and humanity to the inhabitants are extolled; when (in 1835) it was named as the subject of a prize essay by an antiquarian society in the north of France, and the prize was decreed to M. Clovis Bolard, a Calais man, who took part against Saint Pierre. The controversy was revived in 1854 in the *Siècle*, by a writer who referred to documents in the Tower as establishing that Saint Pierre had been in convivance with the besiegers, and was actually rewarded with a pension by Edward.

* Southey's Nelson, ch. 9.

On the other hand, the account given by Froissart of the return of the French King John (the captive at Poitiers) to England, by no means bears out the chivalrous turn given to it in the *Biographie Universelle*. On hearing that his son, the Duke of Anjou, left as hostage, had broken faith, the king, says the writer, resolved at once to go back, and constitute himself prisoner at London, replying to all the objections of his council, that "if good faith were banished from the rest of the world, it should be found in the mouths of kings." Froissart attributes the journey to a wish to see the king and queen of England. "Some," remarks M. Michelet, "pretend that John only went to get rid of the *ennui* caused by the sufferings of France, or to see some fair mistress."

The adoption of the Garter for the name and symbol of the most distinguished order of knighthood now existing, is still involved in doubt. The incident to which it is popularly attributed was first mentioned by Polydore Virgil, who wrote nearly two hundred years after its alleged occurrence. The age of the Countess of Salisbury is objected by M. Fournier, but there is much more force to our minds in the established fact that her husband died in consequence of bruises received at the jousts preceding the foundation of the order; nor is it likely that such an incident would have been suppressed by Froissart, who makes no allusion to it, although he is the principal authority for her amour with the king. Polydore Virgil's history appeared in 1536. In 1527, at the investiture of Francis the First, John Taylor, Master of the Rolls, in his address to the new knight, stated that Richard Cœur de Lion had once, on the inspiration of Saint George, distinguished some chosen knights by causing them to tie a thong or garter round the leg. Camden and others suggest that Edward the Third, in remembrance of this event, gave the garter as the signal for a battle, probably Crecy, in which he proved victorious. But the very number and variety of these speculations show that the real origin of the symbol cannot be traced. The motto is equally unaccountable, although as fit for the purpose as any other maxim or apophthegm, whether connected with a tale of gallantry or not.*

* See "Memorials of the Order of the Garter," etc. By G. F. Beltz, *Lancaster Herald*. London,

As numerous questions of authenticity are made to turn on the want of contemporary testimony when it might reasonably be expected to be forthcoming, it may be as well to call attention to what Varnhagen von Ense notes in his "Diary:"—

"Humboldt confirms the opinions I have more than once expressed, that too much must not be inferred from the silence of authors. He adduces three important and perfectly undeniable matters of fact, as to which no evidence is to be found where it would be most anticipated: In the archives of Barcelona, no trace of the triumphal entry of Columbus into that city; in Marco Polo, no allusion to the Chinese Wall; in the archives of Portugal, nothing about the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, in the service of that crown."

In Grafton's Chronicles, comprising the reign of King John, there is no mention of Magna Charta. But it has been suggested that the period of publication (1562) and his office of printer to Queen Elizabeth may account for the omission.

Humboldt's remarks refer to a reading at Madame Recamier's, in which he had pointed out some inaccuracies in the received accounts of the discovery of America. Robertson states that "Columbus promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request (to turn back), provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if during that time land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain." A closer examination of the authorities has shown that no such promise was given or required.† Robertson accepts without questioning the traditional account of Charles the Fifth's celebrating his own obsequies in his lifetime, as well as that of his fondness for mechanical contrivances:

"He was particularly curious in the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not

1841. The various suggestions and theories of Ashmole and others, with the evidence, are carefully reviewed in the preface. Recent and remarkable as was the adoption of the Tricolor, its origin is already involved in doubt.

* "Briefe von Alexander von Humboldt an Varnhagen von Ense," etc. 3rd edit., p. 57. "We have read books called Histories of England under the reign of George II., in which the rise of Methodism is never mentioned."—(Macaulay.)

† See Humboldt's "Géographie du Nouveau Continent," vol. i.

bring any two of them to go exactly alike, be reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise as well as regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labor on the mere vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrines of religion.*

Mr. Stirling and M. Mignet are at issue as to the credibility of the alleged obsequies; and although they both state the predilection of the retired emperor for mechanics, it is very unlikely that the variations in his clocks led him to any reflection bordering on toleration or liberality; for almost with his dying breath he enjoined the persecution of heretics; and we learn from Mr. Stirling, that "In taking part in the early religious troubles of his reign, it was ever his regret that he did not put Luther to death when he had him in his power." At all events, the tradition may have suggested Pope's couplet, although he has given a different turn to the thought—

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

It is related of Raleigh, that, having vainly endeavored to ascertain the rights of a quarrel that fell out beneath his window, he exclaimed against his own folly in endeavoring to write the true history of the world. We have found no authority for this anecdote, and the famous one of his cloak first occurs in Fuller's "Worthies." When Sir Robert Walpole, on being asked what he would have read to him, replied: "Not history, for that I know to be false," he was probably thinking less of the difficulty that struck Raleigh, than of the presumption of some writers of his day, in pretending to be at home in the councils of princes, and to be perfectly acquainted with the hidden springs of his own measures or policy.

In France, writers of eminence have openly professed their indifference to strict accuracy. Besides the memorable *Mon siège est fait* of Vertot, we find Voltaire, on being asked where he had discovered a startling fact, replying, "Nowhere; it is a frolic (*espèglerie*) of my imagination." The frolic was, that, when the French became masters of

Constantinople in 1204, they danced with the women in the sanctuary of the church of Sainte Sophia. Some modern French historians have not disdained to follow in his track.

"Like old Voltaire, who placed his greatest glory
In cooking up an entertaining story,
Who laughed at Truth whene'er his simple
tongue
Would snatch amusement from a tale or song."

We should like to know whether M. Lamartine had any warrant beyond his own rich imagination for these passages in his description of the battle of Waterloo:—

"He (Wellington) gallops towards two of his dragoon regiments drawn up on the edge of the ridge. He has the curbs of the bridles taken off, so that the animal, carried away by the descent and the mass, without the hand of the rider being able even involuntarily to check it, may throw itself with an irresistible rush and weight on the French cavalry—a desperate manœuvre, worthy of the Numidians against the Romans, and which the size and impetuosity of the British horse rendered more desperate still. He has brandy served out to the riders to intoxicate the man with fire, whilst the trumpet intoxicates the horse, and he himself hurls them, at full speed, on the slopes of Mont St. Jean."*

A little farther on, we find the duke on his eighth and wounded horse, although it is notorious that Copenhagen carried him freshly through the entire battle; and towards the end—

"He sends from rank to rank to his intrepid Scotch the order to let themselves be approached without firing, to pierce the breasts of the horses with the point of the bayonet, to slip even under the feet of the animals, and to rip them up (*éventrer*) with the short and broad sword of these children of the North. The Scotch obey, and themselves on foot charge our regiments of horse."

M. de Lamartine is a poet, and may have imported in his own despite a flight or two of original invention into his prose. But M. Thiers is a grave statesman as well as a brilliant and picturesque narrator. His information is derived principally, almost exclusively, from French sources. His point of view is essentially and invariably French, and his works afford an unimpeachable test of the kind of history most esteemed by his

* Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," book xii. Compare Stirling's "Cloister Life of the Emperor," and Mignet's "Charles Quint." Sir Condy's rehearsal of his own wake in "Castle Rackrent" is said to be founded upon fact.

* "Histoire de la Restauration," vol. iv. p. 246.

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countrymen. The scene is the channel before Boulogne, where, on the 26th August, 1804, a squadron of French gunboats were engaged against an English squadron of frigates and other vessels.

"The emperor, who was in his barge (*canot*) with Admiral Brieux, the Ministers of War and Marine, and several marshals, dashed into the middle of the gunboats engaged, and, to set them an example, had himself steered right upon the frigate, which was advancing at full sail. He knew that the soldiers and sailors, admirers of his audacity on land, sometimes asked one another whether he would be equally audacious at sea. He wished to edify them on this point, and to accustom them to brave recklessly the large vessels of the enemy. He had his barge taken far in advance of the French line, and *as near as possible to the frigate*. The frigate, seeing the imperial flag flying in the barge, and guessing perhaps its precious cargo, had reserved its fire. The Minister of Marine, trembling for the result to the emperor of such a bravado, tried to throw himself upon the bar of the rudder to change the direction; but an imperious gesture of Napoleon stopped the movement of the minister, and they continued their course towards the frigate. Napoleon was watching it, glass in hand, when all of a sudden it discharged its reserved broadside, and covered with its projectiles the boat which carried Cæsar and his fortune. *No one was wounded, and they were quit for the splashing of the shot.* All the French vessels, witnesses of this scene, had advanced as fast as they could to sustain the fire, and to cover, by passing, the barge of the emperor. The English division, assailed in its turn by a hail of balls and grape, began to retrograde little by little. It was pursued, but it returned anew, tacking towards the land. During this interval a second division of gunboats, commanded by Captain Pevrieu, had raised anchor and borne down upon the enemy. Very soon the frigate, much damaged and steering with difficulty, was obliged to gain the open sea. The corvettes followed this movement of retreat, several much shattered, and the cutter so riddled that it was seen to go down. Napoleon quitted Boulogne enchanted with the combat in which he had taken part, the rather that the secret intelligence coming from the coast of England gave him the most satisfactory details on the moral and material effect this combat had produced."*

* "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," vol. v. p. 329. Compare James' "Naval History," vol. ii. p. 333. This writer deduces from the affair that the gunboats could not face the cruisers, add-

According to the English version, the damage to our ships arose from their pursuing the French under the fire of the batteries. But the internal evidence of the narrative is enough. By way of *pendant* to Napoleon attacking an English frigate in his barge, M. Thiers should reproduce, as the representation of an historical fact, the picture, once in high favor for snuff-boxes, of a line of English soldiers recoiling from a wounded French grenadier, who waves his sword with one knee upon the ground. Beyle (Stendhal), who was with the French army during the whole of the Russian campaign of 1812, ridicules the notion of speeches on battle-fields, and declares that he once saw a French general lead a gallant charge with a piece of coarse ribaldry; adding, that it answered the purpose perfectly well. It is certain that most of those reported by historians were never made at all. The Duke of Wellington did not say "Up, guards, and at them," at Waterloo; he never took refuge in a square; and his "What will they say in England if we are beat?" was addressed to some officers of his staff, not to a shattered regiment. The best of his biographers, the chaplain-general, relates that, in the affair of the 11th December, 1813, the duke rode up to the 85th regiment, and said, in his (the subaltern's) hearing, "You must keep your ground, my lads, for there is nothing behind you."

"Follow my white plume," the traditional rallying cry of Henry IV., is quite consistent with Brantome's description of him at Coutras, "with long and great plumes, floating well, saying to his people, *Ostez-vous devant moy, ne m'offusquez pas, car je veux paroistre.*" The noble speech given to Henri de la Roche Jaquelein is too finished and antithetical for the unpretending character of the man: *Si j'avance, suivez-moi: si je tombe, vengez-moi: si je recule, tuez-moi.* This young hero had no quality of a leader beyond chivalrous gallantry and courage, and looked to no higher reward for his services, if the Royalist cause had triumphed, than the command of a regiment of hussars. The real hero of the Vendean insurrection was the Marquis de Lescure. His widow married Henri's brother before the public-

ing, "None knew this better than Napoleon. The affair of 25th August, of which he had *unintentionally* been an eye-witness, convinced him.

tion of her memoirs, and thus the name of La Roche Jaquelein has become imperishably associated with the most brilliant episode of the Revolution.

Voltaire makes Condé throw his baton of command over the enemies' palisades at Fribourg. Other accounts say "his marshal's baton." He was not a marshal; he did not carry a baton; and what he threw was his cane. A finer trait is told of Douglas, who, on his way to the Holy Land with Bruce's heart, took part with the Spaniards against the Moors, and lost his life in a skirmish:—

"When he found the enemy press thick round him, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it as he would have done to the king had he been alive, he said, 'Pass first in fight as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die.' He then threw the king's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was slain. His body was found lying above the silver case."*

An attentive bystander reports a very sensible speech as made by Condé at Lens. "My friends, take courage; we cannot help fighting to-day; it will be useless to draw back; for I promise you, that, brave men or cowards, all shall fight, the former with goodwill, the latter perforce." The authenticity of the brief dialogue between the spokesmen of the French and English Guards at Fontenoy is now generally allowed. Lord Charles Hay, hat in hand, steps forward, and says with a bow, "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire." M. d'Auterches advances to meet him, and saluting him with the sword, says, "Monsieur, we never fire first; do you fire." It is a question whether, with the musketry of 1745, the first fire was an advantage or the contrary.†

Lord Macaulay tells an anecdote of

* "Tales of a Grandfather," vol. i. c. xi.

† The prowess of Dr. Adam Ferguson, the chaplain of the 42d Highlanders, or Black Watch, who charged with his men at the battle of Fontenoy, in flagrant defiance of the prohibition of his colonel, is related "Quart. Rev.," vol. xxxvi., p. 196. He was very young at the time, and the Celtic blood is hot; but it is possible that he acted upon the same principle as another chaplain of Highlanders (mentioned by Dr. Carlyle), who accompanied his regiment in America in a very dangerous charge, not from love of fighting, but because the soldiers were young and had never been in action before, and he thought that his presence (being the only officer well known to them) would give them confidence.

Michael Godfrey, the Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, who was standing near King William and under fire at the siege of Namur. "Mr. Godfrey," said William, "you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here." "Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more hazard than your majesty." "Not so," said William; "I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you—" While they were talking a cannonball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet.*

When Charles XII. of Sweden was entering his barge to lead the attack on Copenhagen he found the French ambassador at his side. "Monsieur," he said, "you have no business with the Danes: you will go no further, if you please." "Sire," replied the Comte de Guiscard, "the king, my master, has ordered me to remain near your majesty. I flatter myself you will not banish me to-day from your court, which has never been so brilliant." So saying, he gave his hand to the king, who leaped into the barge, followed by Count Piper and the ambassador.

The dying words of Wolfe are well known, and well authenticated. On hearing an officer exclaim, "See how they run," he eagerly raised himself on his elbow, and asked, "Who run?" "The enemy," answered the officer; "they give way in all directions." "Then God be praised," said Wolfe, after a short pause; "I shall die happy."† His antagonist, the Marquis of Montcalm, received a mortal wound whilst endeavoring to rally his men, and expired the next day. When told that his end was approaching, he answered, "So much the better; I shall not live then to see the surrender of Quebec."

Napoleon stated at St. Helena that Dessaix fell dead at Marengo without a word. Thiers makes him say to Boudet, his chief of division, "Hide my death, for it might dishearten the troops"—the dying order of the Constable Bourbon at the taking of Rome. The speech ordinarily given to Desaix, and

* Macaulay's "History," vol. iv. p. 589.

† "History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht." By Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon), vol. iv. ch. xxxv. His lordship has rescued two other curious and now familiar anecdotes of Wolfe from oblivion or neglect.

inscribed on his monument, is confessedly a fiction. What passed between him and Napoleon, when they first met upon the field, has been differently related. One version is that Desaix exclaimed, "The battle is lost!" and that Napoleon replied, "No; it is won: advance directly." That of M. Thiers is, that a circle was hastily formed round the two generals, and a council of war held, in which the majority were for retreating. The First Consul was not of this opinion, and earnestly pressed Desaix for his, who then, looking at his watch, said, "Yes, the battle is lost; but it is only three o'clock; there is still time enough to gain one." Here again a kind of parallel is suggested. The Baron de Sirot, who commanded the French reserve at Rocroy, was told that the battle was lost. "No, no!" he exclaimed, "it is not lost; for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought." * Desaix, it will be remembered, had turned back without waiting for orders on hearing the firing; and M. Thiers thinks that if Grouchy had done the same at Waterloo, the current of the world's history might have been reversed. He is welcome to think so; but the Hero of a Hundred Fights thought differently. A drawn battle and a short respite were the very utmost Grouchy's timely arrival could have gained for his imperial master.

All the flashes of instinctive heroism and prescient thirst of glory which are commonly ascribed to Nelson are indisputable. It has been vaguely rumored, indeed, that the signal originally proposed by him at Trafalgar was, "*Nelson* expects every man to do his duty," and that *England* was substituted at the suggestion of Hardy or Blackwood. According to the authentic narrative of Southey, Nelson asked Captain Blackwood if he did not think there was a signal wanting. "Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. The words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure." Nelson's last intelligible words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Dying words and speeches present an ample field for the invective faculties of biogra-

phers and historians. It is reported that Louis XIV.'s to Madame de Maintenon were, "We shall soon meet again;" and that she murmured, "A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me; that man never loved any one but himself." Of Talleyrand M. Louis Blanc relates, "When the Abbé Dupanloup repeated to him the words of the Archbishop of Paris, "I would give my life for M. de Talleyrand," he replied, "He might make a better use of it," and expired.

Do such narratives command implicit faith? Did Goethe die calling for light? or Frederic Schlegel with *aber* (*but*) in his mouth? or Rabelais exclaiming, "Drop the curtain; the farce is played out"? or Chesterfield just after telling the servant, with characteristic politeness, "Give Dayrolles a chair"? or Locke remarking to Mrs. Masham, "Life is a poor vanity"? Did the expiring Addison call the young Earl of Warwick to his bedside that he might learn "how a Christian could die"? Was Pitt's heart broken by Austerlitz, and were the last words he uttered, "My country, O my country"? * George Rose, who had access to the best information, says they were; and says also that the news of the armistice after the battle of Austerlitz drove Pitt's gout from the extremities to the stomach. But the Duke of Wellington, who met Pitt at Stanmore Priory shortly after the arrival of the news, always maintained that Pitt's spirit was not by any means broken by the disappointment. On plausible grounds it has been alleged that Canning's last illness was aggravated by suppressed anger at one of Lord Grey's attacks; that he had serious thoughts of being called up to the House of Peers to answer it; and that his dying words were, "Give me time! give me time!" Lord Chatham made his son read to him, a day or two before he died, the passage of Pope's "*Homer*" describing the death of Hector, and when he had done, said, "Read it again."

The peculiar taste and tendencies of our neighbors across the Channel have produced a plentiful crop of melodramatic scenes, with words to match. Their revolutionary annals abound in them; many true, many apocryphal, and not a few exaggerated or

* We have reason to believe that the precise account of what passed at Pitt's death-bed, including his last words, will be given in Earl Stanhope's forthcoming work.

* "The Life of Condé." By Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon), p. 20.

false. The crew of *Le Vengeur*, instead of going down with the cry of *Vive la République*, shrieked for help, and many were saved in English boats. The bombastic phrase, *La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him; and when, notwithstanding his denial, the town of Nantes was authorized by royal ordinance to inscribe it on his statue, the sons of General Michel laid formal claim to it for their father. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*. *

M. Beugnot, provisional Minister of the Interior, was the author of the eminently successful hit in the Comte d'Artois' address at the Restoration: "Plus de divisions; la paix et la France! Je la revois, et rien n'y est changé, si ce n'est qu'il s'y trouve un Français de plus." His royal highness, who had extemporized a few confused sentences, was as much surprised as any one on reading a neat little speech comprising these words in the *Moniteur*. On his exclaiming, "But I never said it," he was told that there was an imperative necessity for his having said it; and it became history. †

M. Segurier denied, *La cour rend des arrêts et non pas des services*. M. de Salvandy claimed, *C'est une fête Napolitaine, Monseigneur; nous dansons sur un volcan*—addressed to the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) at a ball given to the King of Naples on the eve of the Revolution of July.

It has been the fashion of late years in France to depreciate the capacity and the wit of Talleyrand, in forgetfulness that, if the good sayings of others had been frequently lent to him, *on ne prête qu'aux riches*. M. Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'improvisateur Français*, a compilation of anec-

* When pressed by a pretty woman to repeat the phrase he really did use, he replied, "Ma foi, madame, je ne sais pas au juste ce que j'ai dit à l'officier Anglais qui me criait de me rendre; mais ce qui est certain est qu'il comprenait le Français, et qu'il m'a répondu *mange*."

† Sir Henry Bulwer adopts a somewhat different version in his "France, Social, Literary, and Political," vol. i. p. 181. His chapter on Wit is one of the best in a book which is of much deeper significance than its light and pleasant tone has led ordinary readers to perceive.

dotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it,—amongst others, *C'est le commencement de la fin*. We have heard that the theory of royal shaving, already mentioned, was Napoleon's; and the remark on the emigrants, that they had neither learnt nor forgotten any thing, has been found almost verbatim in a letter from the Chevalier de Panat to Mallett du Pan from London in 1796. When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took—

"He cast off his jokes as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back."

Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the "Nain Jaune" the phrase: "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." In one of Voltaire's dialogues, the capon says of men: "They only use thought to sanction their injustice, and only employ words to disguise their thoughts." There is also a couplet by Young:—

"When Nature's end of language is disguised,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

The germ of the conceit has been discovered in one of South's Sermon; and Mr. Forster puts in a claim for Goldsmith on the strength of Jack Spindle's remark in the "Citizen of the World," that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. He also claims for Goldsmith a well-known joke, attributed to Sheridan on his son's remarking that he would descend a coal-pit for the pleasure of saying that he had done so, and discovers the embryo of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander in a letter from Walpole to Sir Horace Mann: "At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra." * The New Zealander first came upon the stage in 1840, in a review of Ranke's "History of the Popes;" but the same image in a less compact shape was employed by Lord Ma-

* Forster's "Life of Goldsmith." Second edition. Vol. i. p. 341. The remark on the true use of speech being to conceal our wants also occurs in "The Bee," No. 3.

caulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's "Greece." *

Talleyrand had frequently the adroitness or good luck to get credit for saying of things what was said against himself. Thus, *Qui ne l'adorerait? Il est si vicieux*—was said by Montrond of him, not by him of Montrond. Again, when he told a squinting politician, who asked how things were going on, *A travers, comme vous voyez*, he can hardly have forgotten "the frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear," with the accompaniment of *Vil émigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que le pied.* † Both Rogers and Lord Brougham give him the interrogatory to the sick or dying man, who cried out that he was suffering the torments of the damned, "*Déjà?*" M. Louis Blanc says:—

"It is also related—and it is by priests that the fact, improbable as it is, has been silently propagated—that the king (Louis Philippe) having asked M. de Talleyrand if he suffered, and the latter having answered, 'Yes, like the damned,' Louis Philippe murmured this word, *Déjà?*—a word that the dying man heard, and which he revenged forthwith by giving to one of the persons about him secret and terrible indications."

The repartee will be found in one of Le Brun's Epigrams, and has been attributed to (amongst others) the confessor of the Abbé de Ternay and to the physician of De Retz. The French have a perfect frenzy for *mots*. No event is complete without one, bad, good, or indifferent. When Armand Carrel and Emile Girardin had taken their ground, and the seconds were loading the pistols, Carrel says to Girardin, "If the fates are against me, monsieur, and you write my biography, it will be honorable, wont it—that is to say, true?" "Yes, monsieur," replied Girardin. This is related by M. Louis Blanc ("Histoire des Dix Ans") with apparent unconsciousness of its extreme discourtesy or absurdity. "If you kill me, you wont write what is false of me?" "No."

On the fate of Louis Seize being put to

* "When travellers from some distant region shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chaunted over some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple."—*Miscellaneous Works*, vol. i. p. 188.

† Words addressed by Rewbell to Talleyrand at the Council Board, quoted in a note to Canning's "New Morality," in the "Antijacobin."

the vote, Siéyes provoked by the urbanity of some of his colleagues, is reported to have exclaimed *La Mort—sans phrase*. He always denied the *sans phrase*, and Lord Brougham proves from the *Moniteur* that he was guiltless of it. M. Mignet relates of him, that, on being asked what he did during the Reign of Terror, he made answer, "*J'ai vécu*"—"I lived." This also he indignantly denied. Victor Hugo (in "*Marion de Lorme*") has versified another similar *mot* of the period:—

"*Le Roi à l'Angely. Pourquoi vis-tu?
L'Angely. Je vis par curiosité.*"

During the same epoch Siéyes, in correcting the proof-sheets of a pamphlet in defence of his political conduct, read, "I have *abjured* the republic," printed by mistake for *adjudged*! "Wretch!" he exclaimed to the printer, "do you wish to send me to the guillotine?"

As regards the famous invocation to Louis XVI. on the scaffold, *Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel*, the Abbé Edgeworth frankly avowed to Lord Holland, who questioned him on the subject, that he had no recollection of having said it. It was invented for him, on the evening of the execution, by the editor of a newspaper. * During more than forty years no one dreamed of questioning Mirabeau's apostrophe to M. de Dreux Brezé. "Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will not depart unless driven out by bayonets" ("*et que nous n'en sortirons que par la force des bayonnettes*"). On the 10th March, 1833, M. Villemain having pointedly referred to it in the Chamber of Peers, the Marquis de Dreux Brezé rose and said:—

"My father was sent to demand the dissolution of the National Assembly. He entered with his hat on, as was his duty, speaking in the king's name. This offended the assembly, already in an agitated state. My father, resorting to an expression which I do not wish to recall, replied that he should remain covered, since he spoke in the king's name. Mirabeau did not say, *Go, tell your master*. I appeal to all who were in the assembly, and who may happen to be present now. Such language would not have been tolerated. Mirabeau said to my father, 'We are assembled by the national will; we will

* Mr. Macknight quotes it with implicit faith in its authenticity.—*History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke*, vol. iii. p. 505.

only go out by force (*nous n'en sortirons que par la force*).³ I ask M. de Montlosier if that is correct (M. de Montlosier gave a sign of assent). My father replied to M. Bailly, 'I can recognize in M. Mirabeau only the deputy of the bailiwick of Aix, and not the organ of the National Assembly.' The tumult increased; one man against five hundred is always the weakest. My father withdrew. Such is the truth in all its exactness."⁴

Another of Mirabeau's grand oratorical effects (April 12, 1790) was based upon a plagiarism and a fable: "I see from this window, from which was fired the fatal arquebuss which gave the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew."[†] He stole the allusion from Volney. Charles the Ninth did not fire from the window in question, if he fired on the Huguenots at all.

Horne Tooke is believed to have written the speech inscribed on the pedestal of Beekford's statue at Guildhall, purporting to be the reply extemporized by the spirited magistrate to George the Third. He himself had no distinct recollection of the precise words; and contemporary accounts differ whether his tone and manner were becoming or unbecoming the occasion.

It is well known that the great commoner's celebrated reply to Horace Walpole (the elder), beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man," is the composition of Dr. Johnson, who was not even present when the actual reply was spoken. Only four complete speeches of Lord Chatham's have been reported with any approach to fidelity—two by Francis and two by Boyd.

When the great Duke of Marlborough was asked his authority for an historical statement, he replied, "Shakspeare; the only History of England I ever read." Lord Campbell, whose reading is not so limited, remarks that Shakspeare, although careless about dates, is scrupulously accurate about facts, "inasmuch that our notions of the Plantagenet reigns are drawn from him rather than from Hollinshed, Rapin, or Hume." Accordingly, he requires us to place implicit faith in the immortal bard's version of the affair between the chief justice and Prince Hal, even to the order or request put

into the prince's mouth on his accession to the throne:—

"Therefore still bear the balance and the sword."

"I shall prove to demonstration," says Lord Campbell, "that Sir William Gascoigne survived Henry IV. several years, and actually filled the office of chief justice of the king's bench under Henry the Fifth." "The two records to which reference has been already made," says Mr. Foss in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," "contain such conclusive proof that Sir William Gascoigne was not re-appointed to his place as chief justice, that it seems impossible that any one can maintain the contrary." In one of these, an issue roll of July, 1413 (four months after the accession of Henry V.), Gascoigne is described as "late chief justice of the bench of Lord Henry, father of the present king," and the date of his successor's appointment turns out to be March 29, 1413, just eight days after Henry the Fifth's accession; from which Mr. Foss infers his especial eagerness to supersede his father's old and faithful servant. Both Lord Campbell and Mr. Foss are convinced of the occurrence of the main incidents, the blow or insult and the committal. But the story did not appear in print till 1534. Hankford, Hody, and Matcham have been started as candidates for the honor of this judicial exploit by writers of respectability; and the late Mr. Henry Drummond proves from an ancient chronicle that identically the same story was told of Edward the Second (while Prince of Wales) and the chief justice of Edward the First.

Whether Richard the Second was slain by Sir Pierce of Exton, or starved to death in Pontefrac Castle, is still a question. Zealous antiquaries have doubted whether he died there at all. Halliwell, after alluding to the authorities, remarks: "Notwithstanding this exposure (of the body) the story afterwards prevailed, and is related by Hector Boece, that Richard escaped to Scotland, where he lived a religious life, and was buried at Stirling. The probability is that the real history of Richard's death will never be unravelled."^{*}

Rabelais has co-operated with Shakspeare in extending the belief that Clarence was

^{*} *Moniteur*, March 11, 1833. In Bailly's "Mémoires," published in 1804, there is a third version.

[†] The speech is somewhat differently reported by Thiers, "*Révolution Française*," vol. i. p. 148.

^{*} Halliwell's "Shakspeare," vol. ix. p. 220.

drowned in a butt of Malmsey at his own special instance and request; and in a deservedly popular compilation, the precise manner of immersion is brought vividly before the mind's eye of the rising generation by a clever wood-cut. * Mr. Bayley, in his "History of the Tower," can suggest no better foundation for the story than the well-known fondness of Clarence for Malmsey. "Whoever," says Walpole, in his "Historic Doubts," "can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard (the Third) helped him into it, and kept him down till he was suffocated."

Well might Dryden say that "a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity." Learned antiquaries will labor in vain to clear the memory of Sir John Falstolfe, identified with Falstaff, from the imputation of cowardice, yet there is strong evidence to show that he was rather hastily substituted for Sir John Oldcastle, whose family remonstrated against the slur cast on their progenitor in "Henry the Fourth;" and that, instead of running away (as stated in the first part of "Henry the Fourth") at the battle of Patay, Falstolfe did his devoir bravely. †

Shakspeare's Joan of Arc is a mere embodiment of English prejudice; yet it is not much farther from the truth than Schiller's transcendental and exquisitely poetical character of the maid. The German dramatist has also idealized Don Carlos to an extent that renders recognition difficult; and he has flung a halo round William Tell which will cling to the name while Switzerland is a country or patriotism any better than a name. Yet just one hundred years ago (in 1760) the eldest son of Haller undertook to prove that the legend, in its main features, is the revival or imitation of a Danish one, to be found in Saxo Grammaticus. The canton of Uri, to which Tell belonged, ordered the book to be publicly burnt, and appealed to the other cantons to co-operate in its suppression—thereby giving additional interest and vitality to the question, which has been

* "Stories selected from the History of England, from the Conquest to the Revolution, for children." Fifteenth edition, illustrated with twenty four wood-cuts. (By the late Right Hon. J. W. Croker.) London, 1854. The plan of the "Tales of a Grandfather" was suggested by this book.

† "Journal of the British Archaeological Association," vol. xiv. pp. 230-236. The paper was contributed by Mr. Pettigrew.

at length pretty well exhausted by German writers. The upshot is, that the episode of the apple is regulated to the domain of the fable; and that Tell himself is grudgingly allowed a commonplace share in the exploits of the early Swiss patriots. Strange to say, his name is not mentioned by any contemporary chronicler of the struggle for independence. *

In a former number we intimated an opinion that the story of Amy Robsart, as told in "Kenilworth," "is for the most part faithful." A pamphlet has since appeared in which its faithfulness is plausibly impugned; † and another opinion incidentally hazarded by us in favor of a romantic story has been perseveringly and ingeniously assailed by Mr. Charles Long; who has not yet succeeded in convincing us that "Wild Darell" was unjustly suspected, or that Chief Justice Popham came honestly by the old mansion and wide domains of Littlecote.

Popular faith is ample justification for either poet or painter in the selection of a subject; and for this very reason we must be on our guard against the prevalent habit of confounding the impressions made by artistic skill or creative genius with facts. We cannot believe that Mazarin continued to his last gasp surrounded by a gay bevy of ladies and gallants, flirting and gambling, as represented in a popular engraving; and a double *alibi* flings a cold shade of scepticism over "The last Moments of Leonardo da Vinci, expiring at Fontainebleau in the arms of Francis the First," as a striking picture in the Louvre was described in the catalogue. Sir A. Calcott's picture of *Milton and his Daughters*, one of whom holds a pen as if writing to his dictation, is in open defiance of Dr. Johnson's statement that the daughters were never taught to write.

Until three or four years ago a portrait at Holland House was prescriptively revered as a speaking likeness of Addison, and a bust was designed after it by a distinguished

* "Die Sage von dem Schuss des Tell. Eine historisch-kritische Abhandlung, von Dr. Julius Ludwig Ideler." Berlin, 1836. "Die Sage vom Tell aufs neue kritisch untersucht, von Dr. Ludwig Häusser. Eine von der philosophischen Facultät der Universität Heidelberg gekrönte Preisschrift." Heidelberg, 1840. Another learned German, Palacky, in his "History of Bohemia," has placed Zisca's skin in the same category with Tell's apple.

† An inquiry into the particulars connected with the death of Amy Robsart (Lady Dudley)," etc. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., etc. London, 1859.

sculptor. It turns out to be the copy of a portrait of Sir Andrew Fountayne, still in the possession of his descendant, who has miniatures placing the identity beyond a doubt.

Each branch of the Fine Arts has contributed its quota to the roll of unexpected successes and sudden bounds into celebrity. There is the story of Poussin impatiently dashing his sponge against his canvas, and producing the precise effect (the foam on a horse's mouth) which he had been long and vainly laboring for; and there is a similar one told of Haydn, the musical composer, when required to imitate a storm at sea. "He kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz (the author of the *libretto*) was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and, bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The deuce take the tempest; I can make nothing of it." "That is the very thing," exclaimed Curtz, delighted with the *truth* of the representation."* Neither Haydn nor Curtz, adds the author from whom we quote, had ever seen the sea.

The touching incident of Chantrey working for Rogers as a journeyman cabinet-maker at five shillings a day was related by himself; and a mould for butter or jelly was the work which first attracted notice to the genius of Canova.

The romance of the Bar diminishes apace before the severe eye of criticism. Erskin went on telling everybody, till he probably believed what he was telling, that his fame and fortune were established by his speech for Captain Baillie, made a few days after he had assumed the gown. "That night," were his words to Rogers, "I went home and saluted my wife, with sixty-five retaining fees in my pocket." Retaining fees are paid to the clerk at chambers, and the alleged number is preposterous. At a subsequent period we find him hurrying to his friend Reynolds with two bank-notes for £500 each, his fee in the Keppel case, and exclaiming, "*Viola* the nonsuit of Cowbeef." Cowbeef must have been already nonsuited if the sixty-five retaining fees, or half of them, had been paid.

Equally untenable is the notion that Lord Mansfield dashed into practice by his speech

* Hogarth's "Musical History," vol. i. p. 293.

in *Cibber v. Sloper*, in reference to which he is reported to have said that he never knew the difference between no professional income and three thousand a year. From the printed reports of the trial it is clear that Serjeant Eyre, instead of being seized with a fit, and so giving Murray his opportunity, made a long speech, and that Murray was the fourth counsel in the cause. It was tried in Dec. 1738, the year after the publication of Pope's couplet—

"Blest as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honored in the House of Lords,"

rendered more memorable by Cibber's parody—

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks;
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

In these and most other instances of the kind, it has been truly said, *the speech was a stepping-stone, not the key-stone*. Patient industry and honest self-devotion to the duties of a profession are the main elements of success.

There is no valid ground for disputing the "*Anche io sono pittore*" ("I, too, am a painter") of Correggio on seeing a picture by Raphael, although it has been given to others; nor the "*E pur se muove*" ("It moves notwithstanding") of Galileo, which he muttered as he rose from the kneeling posture in which he had been sentenced by the Inquisition to recant his theory of the earth's motion. Lord Brougham, M. Biot, and other admirers of this great man, however, thinking the story derogatory to him, have urged the want of direct evidence on the point. "I could prove by a very curious passage of Bulwer," says M. Fournier, "how Archimedes could not have said 'Give me a *point d'appui*, and with a lever I will move the world.' He was too great a mathematician for that." We are not informed where this very curious passage is to be found; and Archimedes asked for a place to stand on, not a fulcrum, nor did he specify the instrument to be employed.*

Sir David Brewster, in his excellent *Life of Newton*, says that neither Pemberton nor

* "Archimedes one day asserted to King Hiero, that with a given power he could move any given weight whatever; nay, it is said, from the confidence he had in his demonstrations, he ventured to affirm that if there were another earth besides this we inhabit, by going into that he would move this wherever he pleased."—Langhorne's *Plutarch*.

Whiston, who received from Newton himself the history of his first ideas of gravity, records the story of the falling apple. It was mentioned, however, to Voltaire by Catherine Barton, Newton's niece, and to Mr. Green by Mr. Martin Folkes, the president of the Royal Society. "*We saw the apple-tree in 1814, and brought away a portion of one of its roots.*" * The concluding remark reminds us of Washington Irving's hero, who boasted of having parried a musket bullet with a small sword, in proof of which he exhibited the sword a little bent in the hilt. The apple is supposed to have fallen in 1665.

Sometimes an invented pleasantry passes current for fact, like the asparagus and *point d'huile* of Fontenelle, invented by Voltaire as an illustration of how Fontenelle would have acted in such a contingency. One day, when Gibbon was paying his addresses to Mademoiselle Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker), she asked why he did not go down on his knees to her. "Because you would be obliged to ring for your footman to get me up again." This is the sole foundation for the story of his actually falling on his knees, and being unable to get up. There is another mode in which a mystification, or a joke, may create or perpetuate a serious error. Father Prout (Mahony) translated several of the "Irish Melodies" into Greek and Latin verse, and then jocularly insinuated a charge of plagiarism against the author. Moore was exceedingly annoyed, and remarked to a friend who made light of the trick: "This is all very well for you London critics; but, let me tell you, my reputation for originality has been gravely impeached in the provincial newspapers on the strength of these very imitations." Lauder's fraud imposed on Johnson, and greatly damaged Milton for a period. Diligent inquiry has brought home to a M. de Querlon the verses attributed to Mary Queen of Scots, beginning:—

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!

Oh, ma patrie,

La plus chérie,

Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance," etc.

Cicero complained that funeral panegyrics had contributed to falsify the Roman annals, and *éloges* have done the same ill service to the French.

* "Life of Newton," vol. ii. p. 27, note.

Party malice has poisoned the streams of tradition, whilst carelessness, vanity, or the wanton love of mischief has troubled them. Sir Robert Walpole was accused of the worst cynicism of corruption on the strength of his alleged maxim: "All men have their price." What he really said was: "All *these* men have their price," alluding to the so-called "patriots" of the opposition. Many still believe Lord Plunket to have denounced history as an old almanac, although its real expressions notoriously were, that those who read history, like certain champions of intolerance, treat it as an old almanac. Torn from the context, Lord Lyndhurst's description of the Irish as "aliens in blood, language, and religion," sounds illiberal and impolitic. Taken with the context, it is merely a rhetorical admission and application of one of O'Connell's favorite topics for Repeal, when he wound up every speech by reminding his "hereditary bondsmen" that they had nothing in common with their Saxon and Protestant oppressors.

Hero worship pushed to extravagance, as it recently has been by one popular writer in particular, is quite as mischievous as the spirit of depreciation and incredulity. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men;" or, rather, the world is required to accept no proof of greatness but success. Voltaire illustrates the matter by three examples. "You carry Cæsar and his fortunes;" but if Cæsar had been drowned. "And so would I, were I Parmenio;" but if Alexander had been beaten. "Take these rags, and return them to me in the palace of St. James;" * but Charles Edward was beaten. Nelson's early boast, that some time or other he would have a gazette to himself, would be remembered (if remembered at all) as a mere display of youthful vanity, if he had been killed at the commencement of his career; and to all outward seeming, the ebullition of conceit is rarely distinguishable from the prompting of genius or the self-assertion of desert. In strange contrast to Nelson, Wel-

* "This is a fresh example of Voltaire's mode of dealing with facts. His shoes being very bad, Kingsburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones said, 'I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled at St. James'. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof.' He smiled, and said, 'Be as good as your word.'"—*Account of the Escape of the Young Pretender*, first published in Boswell's "Johnson."

lington had so little of either quality, that, when a captain, he applied to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Camden) for an Irish commissionership of customs, with the view of retiring from the army.

If the question is, how cherished and elevating impressions may be needlessly impaired, it should be observed that almost all heroes and men of genius suffer more or less whenever they are brought down from their pedestals and compelled to mingle with the crowd. "In the common occurrences of life," writes Wolfe, "I own I am not seen to advantage." Yet it is precisely in the common occurrences of life that Mr. Thackeray insists on exhibiting him; and the utmost skill of his accomplished painter of manners has been vainly exerted to obviate the depreciating effects. The impression conveyed in "The Virginians" of Washington, Franklin, Dr. Johnson, and Richardson, is equally unfavorable, and for the same reason. They are introduced doing what they did no better (if not worse) than ordinary mortals; and their images are brought home to us by peculiarities of dress and personal appearance, which were against all of them, except Washington. All accounts agree that Clive's person was ungraceful, that his harsh features were hardly redeemed from vulgar ugliness by their commanding expression, and that he was ridiculously fond of dress. In a letter to his friend Mr. Orme, he says: "Imprimis, what you can provide must be of the best and finest you can get for love or money: two hundred shirts—the wristbands worked; some of the ruffles worked with a border either in squares or points, and the rest plain; stocks, neck-cloths, and handkerchiefs in proportion." Surely, the most consummate master of the prose epic, whose scenes, exclusively domestic, should be laid in England, could not meddle with the hero of Arcot and Plassey without degrading him. Or, supposing the novelist to deal only with the heroes of the tongue and pen, can he hope, by dint of versatility and comprehensiveness, to identify himself with all the leading spirits of one epoch after another so as to make each speak in character: to be Swift, Addison, Pope, Prior, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, or Burke, Johnson, Franklin, Goldsmith, Fielding, and Richardson, by turns? If he cannot, however admirable his genius, he is do-

ing unmixed harm, as well by lowering greatness in popular estimation, as by encouraging a school, which, it has been wittily said, bids fair to be to literature what Madame Tussaud is to art.*

Montaigne contends that, in treating of manners and motives, fabulous incidents, provided they be possible, serve the purpose as well as true. They may, if they are only wanted as illustrations; but to argue from them as from proofs, is to repudiate the inductive philosophy, and resort to the worst sort of *à priori* reasoning. Not long since an eminent naturalist surprised the public by a theory of canine instinct which placed it very nearly on a footing with the human understanding. This theory turned out to be based upon anecdotes of dogs, which some lads in one of the public offices had composed and forwarded to him, commonly as coming from country clergymen. Where is the difference in soundness between theories of animal nature based on such materials, and theories of human nature deduced from fictitious incidents, or, like some of Montesquieu's on government, from travellers' stories about Bantam or Japan? †

It may naturally be asked whether we have any new test of heroism or criterion of authenticity to propose? By what process is the gold to be separated from the dross? How are the genuine gems of history to be distinguished from the paste or glass imitations? Is there no spear of Ithuriel to compel counterfeits to resume their natural proportions by a touch? Or if Hotspur thought it an easy leap to "pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon," can it be so very difficult to drag modest truth from the bottom of her well?

The archbishop of Dublin, on being asked to frame some canons for determining what evidence is to be received, declared it to be impossible, and added that "the full and complete accomplishment of such an object would confer on man the unattainable attribute of infallibility." ‡ His celebrated pam-

* Some thoughtful remarks bearing on this topic will be found in an Essay, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, on the Difference between Authors and their Works. It originally appeared in "The Student."

† "He said, 'The value of every story depends on its being true. A story is a picture of an individual, or of human nature in general; if it be false, it is a picture of nothing.'"—*Boswell's "Life of Johnson."*

‡ "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bona-

phlet will afford little aid in the solution of the problem: for the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte was never denied in any quarter, and is affirmed by the complete concurrence of contemporary testimony. This cannot be predicated of any events or current of events with which it may be sought to establish a parallel; and it is little to the point to urge that many of the individual exploits attributed to Napoleon are as improbable as any contested period of history, sacred or profane. His grace must also admit that the invention of printing, with modern facilities of communication, have effected an entire change in the quality and amount of evidence which may be rationally accepted as the foundation of belief. A statement published to the whole civilized world, and remaining unchallenged, stands on a widely different footing from a statement set down by a monk in his chronicle, of which nothing was heard or known beyond the precincts of his convent until after the lapse of centuries. And what were his means of information when he wrote? Probably some vague rumor or floating gossip carried from place to place by pedlers and pilgrims. There is a game called Russian Scandal, which is played in this fashion: A. tells B. a brief narrative, which B. is to repeat to C., and C. to D., and so on. No one is to hear it told more than once, and each is to aim at scrupulous accuracy in the repetition. By the time the narrative has been transmitted from mouth to mouth six or seven times, it has commonly undergone a complete transformation. The ordinary result of the experiment will afford an apt illustration of the value of oral testimony in times when the marvellous had an especial attraction for all classes—

"The flying rumors gather'd as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew."

But we must be on our guard against assuming that events never took place at all, because there are material differences between the best accredited accounts of their occurrence. Lord Clarendon says that the

parte." Ninth Edition. London, 1829. The various known modes of testing history are enumerated and discussed by Sir George C. Lewis, in "A Treatise on the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics." In Two Volumes. 1842. Chap. 7.

royal standard was erected at Nottingham on the 25th of August, "about six of the clock of the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day." Other contemporary writers name the 22nd as the date of this memorable event. An equal amount of discrepancy will appear on comparing the accounts given by Clarendon, Burnet, Woodrow, and Echard, of the condemnation and execution of Argyle in 1661. On what day, at what time of the day, and by whom, the intelligence of Napoleon's escape from Elba was first communicated to the members of the Vienna Congress, are doubtful questions to this hour. Yet that the standard was erected, that Argyle was executed, and that the news of Napoleon's escape did reach Vienna, will hardly be disputed by the most sceptical historians of posterity.

Again, the strangeness, or even absurdity, of an article of popular faith, is no ground for contemptuously rejecting it. "What need you study for new subjects?" says the citizen to the speaker of the prologue in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." "Why could you not be contented, as well as others, with the Legend of Whittington, or the Story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon Woolsacks?" "Why not indeed, when a learned antiquary, besides putting in a good word for Eleanor and the woolsacks, maintains, plausibly and pleasantly, the authenticity of the legend of Whittington, and most especially the part relating to the cat? *

Among the least defensible of Mr. Buckle's paradoxes is his argument, that historical evidence has been impaired by writing and printing, and that unaided tradition is the safest channel for truth. He deduces this startling conclusion from equally strange premises: 1, the degradation of the bards or minstrels, the professional guardians and repositories of legendary lore, when their occupation's gone; 2, the permanent form given to floating error when embalmed in a book. But the second assumes that a story

* "The Model Merchant of the Middle Ages, exemplified in the Story of Whittington and his Cat: being an Attempt to rescue that interesting Story from the Region of Fable, and to place it in its proper Position in the legitimate History of the Country." By the Rev. Samuel Lysons, M.A., Rector of Rodmarton, Gloucestershire, etc., etc. London and Gloucester, 1860.

is cleared of falsehood by being handed down orally from age to age, as the purification of Thames water is promoted by length of pipe; and the first is like objecting to railroads that the old mail-coaches have been doomed to decay. It is rather against his theory that most of the disputed actions and phrases belong to the oral epoch; and fortunately no vital interest of any kind depends on their being recognized as facts.

One of Bubb Doddington's maxims was: "When you have made a good impression, go away." To all who dislike the illusion-destroying process, we should say: "When you have *got* a good impression, go away; but keep it for your own private delecta-

tion, and beware of generalizing on it till it has undergone the ordeal of inquiry." After all, the greatest sacrifice imposed upon us by inquirers like M. Fournier, is the occasional abandonment of an agreeable error, amply compensated by the habits of accuracy and impartiality which they enforce, without which there can be neither hope of improvement for the future nor confidence in the past. They have rather enhanced in value than depreciated the common stock of recorded or traditional wit, genius, virtue, and heroism; and if the course of treatment to which the reader is subjected sometimes resembles the sudden application of a shower-bath, his moral and intellectual system is equally braced and invigorated by the shock.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WRITTEN WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK. — A conjectural amendment of the verses cited by Hentzner in his *Itinerary*, is given by Walpole in his partial reprint, and is thence copied into Percy's *Reliques*. In comparing the latter verses with the original, I was much struck with the liberties which I think Walpole has taken, with what we may presume to have been a tolerably accurate transcript by Hentzner from the original writing in charcoal. To elucidate the matter, I subjoin three versions; the first, Walpole's as quoted by Percy; the second, Hentzner's (from the edition of 1617); the third, what I would suggest may have been the original:—

Walpole.

"Oh, fortune, how thy restless waving state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed,
Causing the guilties to be straik reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well de-
served,
But by her envie can be nothing wrought;
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte."
"ELIZABETHE, Prisonner."

Hentzner.

"Oh fortune, thy Wrestling vvavring state
Hath fraught vvith Cares my troubled vvitt
Whese vvittnes this present prisonn late
Could beare where once vvvas Ioy sloune quitt
Thou causedst the guiltie to be losed
From bandes vvhere innocents vvhere inclosed
And freed these that death had Vvell deserved

But allhereni, can be nothing Vvroughte
So God send to my foes althey have thought.
"ELIZABETHE the Prisonner."

Probable Original.

"Oh Fortune! thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt,
Whose witness, this present prisonn late
Could beare, where once was Joy slaine quite;
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes where innocents were inclosed,
And caused the guiltless to be reserved,
And freed those that Death had well deserved;
But all-herin,—can be nothing wrought
So God send to my foes all they have
thought."

I think that we must presume that Hentzner copied these verses as accurately as his small knowledge of the English language would allow; and we cannot conceive him writing the line, "Could beare where once was Joy slaine quite," if it had really stood "Could beare me, and the joys I quitt"; the sense at the same time demanding that the words, "whose witness," should be governed by the following, "could beare." Walpole has nipped in the bud the poetical and pathetic phrase, "where once was Joy slaine quite," for the sake of an apprehended improvement in the metre. I believe, however, that any of your readers who are versed in the English metres of this, and especially of an earlier period, will find but little fault with the flow of the amended verses. The words *fortune*, *witness*, and *guiltless*, must be read as trisyllables. It is hardly fair to attempt to cramp and alter verses of the middle of the sixteenth century, so to make them comfortable to our modern metre.

There seems to be an allusion in verses 3-8, to a *previous* occupation of the prison by some person who "Death had well deserved."

Query. Who was this released criminal?—
Notes and Queries

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CHAPTER XII.

MRS. GRANT's father had been the youngest son of a Scotch peer, from whose ancient title the broad lands which gave it, had, in great part, fallen away. The pride of his family, however, had outlived its property; and it was sorely ruffled by his marriage, in early life, to the daughter of an Aberdeen merchant in the Baltic trade. When his noble kinsmen, judging him unworthy of his ancient pedigree, determined, in solemn conclave, to wash their hands of him and his Janet, Peter Muirhead, that stout Baltic trader, her father, offered to take into partnership his son-in-law, the Honorable Fergus M'Cauldie, upon the sole condition of his sinking the aristocratic prefix to his name. To this proposal Fergus acceded eagerly, and in the first heat of his anger against his relatives, threw the first syllable after the prefix. The invoice of the new firm were headed "Muirhead and Cauldie." Under that name it thrived. He and his Janet knew no hard times, until the days of the Danish imbroglio and the bombardment of Copenhagen. That disaster did them irreparable damage; and the chief consolation they could find under its crushing was the fact that good Baillie Peter had not lived to see the firm in the list of sequestrations. Want of spirit was not among the qualities inherited by Fergus from his ancestry. He strove manfully against adverse fortune; but in vain. Then came a keener stroke. His Janet died. Then came other business misfortunes. Last of all, he himself sickened unto death, and found himself dying without having been able to make more than the very slenderest provision for his little Elsie. He had named her after a sister, his special friend and playmate in the old days at the Kéep of M'Cauldie. He had seen no more of her, for years, than of his other kinsfolk; but the warming of his own heart towards her in his dire extremity seemed to promise that some tenderness for him might lurk in hers.

He wrote accordingly, in simple, touching terms, to crave her guardianship for the little girl, her namesake, and signed the letter with the full signature, so long disused, "Your dying brother, Fergus M'Cauldie." Well was it for his suit he did so. The Honorable Mrs. Gillespie, such was now Sister Elsie's name, had neither a very good heart

nor a very bad; but she was well astride of the family hobby. The curtailment of his honored patronymic had been in her eyes all along an offence less pardonable in her once dear brother Fergus, than even the mésalliance with Miss Muirhead. She, therefore, noted the reinstated letter and apostrophe as signs of contrition and returning grace. A little lassie bearing name Elsie M'Cauldie must neither be left upon the wide world, nor even entrusted to the mercies of some stray Muirhead cousin. No letter came, however, and Fergus' sick heart grew sicker. But one day, waking from a feverish doze, he was aware of a tall female figure by his bedside, surmounted by a face whose features showed familiar through their strangeness. He turned more fully round in bed, stretched out a thin hand, and said:—

"Is that you, Sister Elsie?"

"Ay, just so, Brother Fergus."

"God bless you, then, you'll tak' the mitherless bairn when I'm gone, Elsie!"

"Bide a wee till I speer at her, Fergus."

Both brother and sister had gone back to words and accent in use in "auld lang syne" at the Keep.

"Elsie, dear! Elsie!" cried the father, louder than his voice had rung for many a day.

"Ah, weel, she's a true M'Cauldie, Fergus," said her aunt, as the little girl, running in at her father's call, stopped short half-way, at seeing the tall, strange lady.

"So said her mither, and was proud o' it; though I would leaver have had mair blink of the mither's eye in the lassie's."

"What, your wife, Janet Muirhead, proud to think her bairn a true M'Cauldie?"

He nodded an affirmative.

"Then there was some sense in your Janet after a', maybe."

"Some!" smiled the sick man, with ineffable expression of a love that would not sicken and die with him.

"I'll see to the bairn, Fergus," said his sister: "mair or less, that is," she added, with characteristic caution.

"The Lord reward you," he replied, "as you shall deal wi' her."

The Honorable Alexander Gillespie was almost as well descended as his wife. He was a man of middling ability and easy character, over whom she exercised a temperate but unquestioned sway. Their combined

family connections, and her energetic use of their interest, had obtained for him a lucrative appointment on the outskirts of official grandeur. He was permanent in a department whose heads were fluctuating, and high enough up to come often into official contact with his chiefs. His social points of contact with them were not a few, hers with their wives and kinswomen more frequent, and more carefully cultivated still. So Mrs. Anderson said truly, that her friend, Elsie Grant, the paymaster's wife had been brought up among great folks.

But the Honorable Alexander had a paralytic stroke in course of time, so severe as to disqualify him for farther discharge of his official duties. The retiring pension was but small, and the narrowed income drove the Gillespies from the great metropolis to its northern sister.

The younger Elsie was the good angel of the house in Edinburgh, the kindest of nurses to her aunt's husband, and the most considerate of companions to herself, whose temper was not sweetened, nor her mind mellowed, by the change in her outward circumstances.

Though Mrs. Gillespie never ceased to regret London society, nor spared disparagement, upon occasion, of such substitute for it as Edinburgh could afford, she nevertheless availed herself to the utmost of the advantages which her Scotch parentage and noble extraction gave her, for access to the "superior circles" of Auld Reekie. Her niece must, of necessity, often accompany her to public or private entertainments; and at one of the former made acquaintance with an ensign of a Highland regiment quartered in the castle. Mr. Grant was not meanly gifted by nature in mind or body, and personally was not undeserving of any young lady's regard. What drew Elsie towards him, strongly and specially, from the very first, was the circumstance that he was from Aberdeen, and knew some of her mother's friends, one which, by some instinct, she never mentioned to her aunt. But that keen-witted lady did not need the additional reason which such knowledge might have afforded, for discouraging, as soon as she perceived it, the growing intimacy between Elsie and Mr. Grant. She ascertained that he had committed the rash act of entering the British army without any

farther qualifications than high courage, fair talents, and an earnest admiration for a soldier's career. He had little more money than sufficed for the purchase of his first commission, and was entirely without family interest of any kind or degree. Now, the Honorable Mrs. Gillespie knew enough of the War Office, as of other offices, in those good old unreformed times, to perceive at once how high the young ensign was likely to reach in the military hierarchy; and she determined, neither unkindly, nor unwisely, to put him at once upon his honor with Elsie. Mr. Grant, therefore, waited on her, at her own request, to receive "an intimation upon an important matter."

"Would you make a baggage-wagon wife of the puir lassie, Mr. Grant? I'm tauld it's but a weary way of life," she said, reverting, as she always did, when moved, to the old pronunciation.

"Ah, but I hope, dear madam—"

"Weel, young gentleman, bide till your hopes are hatched a bit."

That was fair and forcible he could not deny. Poor lad. They were addled in one way before hatched in another.

No word had passed between him and Elsie, so he applied first for leave, then for exchange into a regiment on active service abroad. Years went by. He had gotten a wound and a medal; three varieties of fever; two of ague; much commendation as an active and efficient officer; frequent sciatica; and very grizzled hair. He was moreover, lieutenant, without purchase, in a company commanded by a puppy having less than one-third of his own time of service, when news came that Elsie M'Cauldie was an orphan again: for both her uncle and her aunt were dead. The regiment was, happily, no farther off than Ireland, otherwise his purse might not have allowed of the journey to Edinburgh.

The bloom was off her beauty certainly; but that assurance of loving-kindness which Ned Locksley could read on it some years later kept a wondrous loveliness on every feature. And the poor lieutenant read a special love-look through the loving-kindness which smiled on all. Elsie was glad to see him—almost delighted, spite of what she must have thought his long and fickle desertion of her.

"Your aunt said, Miss M'Cauldie, that a

baggage-wagon wife would have but a weary life of it, and with that word warned me off. For your sake I took the warning, hoping and striving through bitter years to win some other thing to offer you. I have no more now than I had then: less, for I was then young and hopeful. But you are lonely, and I have brought you back one thing increased—a luckless soldier's lover."

Elsie thought it wealth, and took the treasure for better or worse. The few pounds her father had left her were but little increased by a legacy from her aunt. Lieutenant Grant applied for a paymastership by which to add a few pounds to his annual pay. He was actually appointed on the sole score of his character; and a brevet on a birthday made him captain. What can the vulgar outcry mean about deserving officers overlooked in our army.

Ned's new little acquaintance, Amy, was, as she had told him, her parents' only child, born and bred, as her dolls demonstrated, at a time when the station of her father's regiment had been shifting with more than usual rapidity. Having once visited the paymaster's quarters, and having done so, thanks to Miss Amy, in the character of a house-friend, Ned often found his way there again; most of his evenings being spent either with the Grants or with his first friends, the Andersons.

Personally, therefore, he was not much affected by the evening amusements of his comrades in barracks, nor disturbed by the "skylarking," of which he heard either in O'Brien's rollicking brogue, or in the major's wrathful murmuring against "unseemly practical jokes." Captain Rufford, indeed, by way of daring his dependant, Jones, had suggested to that officer—since Mansfield had been dipped in a solution of liquid blacking and water, and Garrett had an eyebrow shaved, his dress-boots filled with the contents of a mustard pot—that it was hardly fair to let the third "griff" off unscathed. But Jones fought shy of the suggestion, alleging Ned's intimacy with the major, "who'll make the confoundest kick-up about conduct unbecoming a gentleman and an officer, if there's a scrimmage with his friend Locksley."

In truth, Ned was known to share his senior's aversion to the noble sport of

"badger-baiting," and looked him as if his teeth, albeit unofficial, might meet through where they bit, as well as the major's. He, therefore, enjoyed immunity from annoyance, until the arrival of a fourth youngster, who had been prevented by illness from joining on the same day as himself and the other two. This Milward was a lad of gentlemanly appearance; of well-proportioned, but very slender frame; of handsome, but very delicate features; with a mouth which might have been reckoned pretty in a girl, but betrayed in one of the ruder sex symptoms of weakness and irresolution. He showed the same distaste as Ned for stupid and noisy rioting; but with a shrinking very different from the masterful bearing of the self-possessed Etonian. The latter, who had left the mess early one evening, was at work some hours later over his Hindustani, when he heard a light, quick step run along the passage, and a hurried, hesitating knock against his door.

"Come in."

In came Milward, rather pale, but with a flush on his cheek-bones.

"Hulloa, Milward! Sit down in the big chair whilst I put the books away."

"Thank you. Hush! Is that them?"

"Is that who? What's up, old fellow?"

"To tell you the truth," said Milward, turning red all over now, "I took the liberty of running in here because there was a threat of 'spunging me with my clothes on.'"

"Whose threat—Rufford and that lot's?"

"Yes."

"Well, that romping is bad enough when O'Brien and his set are at it; but they do it for fun. As for that brute, Rufford, and that fool, Jones, they are unbearable. I'm glad you came in here. I'll give them a lesson if they follow you."

"It's very kind of you," said Milward.

"I was ashamed of bolting in, because I know you hate this kind of thing."

"I do; but I wasn't eight years at Eton without being equal to this emergency, mind you, Master Milward. Aint they whitewashing the corridor up here?"

"Hardly whitewashing. It's a dirty yellow ochre in the pots outside."

"All the better. Just pick the stoutest sticks out of the fagot in my coal-bunk,

will you, and look in the right-hand corner of the cupboard below for a coil of rope there is, I think. I'll be back in a second."

In he came again accordingly, with two big pots of the dismal ochre wash.

"What on earth are you at?" asked Milward.

"You'll see time enough. But be quick: I heard them banging open your door downstairs as I went out."

Ned produced a hammer and a few stout nails out of the miscellaneous stores of his cupboard. Then mounting on a chair he nailed three or four stout sticks at right angles to the lintel. They made a sort of projecting platform, to the edge of which he fastened a length of rope nailed at one end to the woodwork of the door. Then he poised the pots upon the sticks so nicely that the door in opening must jerk the rope's end, and an avalanche fall.

"A very neat booby-trap," said he. "Let the stormers assault."

He put a bolt across the door, remarking as he did so:—

"Staple wont hold long. Hon. Company's barrack-master is not much of an ironmonger."

They heard two or three doors opened and shut with a bang along the passage. Then came a knock at his.

"Hulloa!"

"Seen Milward anywhere?" inquired the voice of Jones.

"Oh, dear, yes! He's in here. We're having tea and muffins," quoth Ned, in modulated tones.

Jones was at a nonplus. He had suggested that Milward might have taken refuge in some other officer's quarters; but had not reckoned upon finding him with Locksley.

There was a noisy deliberation outside, then another knock, and a more decided voice than the lieutenant's, cried, insolently, "None of your nonsense, youngster, come out!"

"Who, I?" said Ned, blandly still.

"No! that milksop of a Milward, quick now!"

"Not till we've done the muffins," quoth Ned in reply.

The answer came in a savage kick, which made the color pots tremble; but could not

dislodge them, so crafty was their adjustment.

Ned took no notice. A second kick followed, and a rush against the door.

"You had better not, gentlemen, for your own sake," cried Ned, with perfect good-humor; "I can't abear being disturbed at tea."

There was laughter outside, apparently at the baffled assailant, whose wrath, waxing hotter, vented itself in another kick, which almost upset the pots, and loosened the treacherous staple alarmingly.

"Pray don't, sir; you'll disturb your digestion by such strong exercise after meals."

Crash went the staple. In rushed Rufford. Smash went the pots upon his head; and his best uniform—they had dined in full-dress that evening—was dripping and done for.

"There! My best milk-jug broke!" said Ned. "Beg pardon, gentlemen, you may pick up the bits outside."

With one vigorous shove, he sent the captain reeling into the passage, followed by a volley of potsherds. He slammed, and double-locked the door.

Rufford was furious; but the laugh was loud against him, not only among the strangers, well soaked with claret, but even among his own admiring jackals. He put the best face upon the matter that he could, and beat a hasty retreat to change his drenched regimentals before seeking consolation in cards and broiled bones. Thenceforward he watched, with not unnatural eagerness, for some opportunity of turning the tables upon his antagonist: but came to the sullen, though sound, conclusion, that he was, in most things, more than a match for himself. He changed his tactics; took no notice of Ned; but instead of attempting to bully young Milward any more, treated him with studied politeness and cordiality, paying him many little attentions, which began insensibly to win the weak lad's confidence.

Jones, as usual, took his cue from the captain; and pasty-faced Mansfield, the "griff" with a turn for cards, took his from Jones. Milward soon began to fancy that he could do no better than conquer his first prejudices, rub off his home fastidiousness, and prove his manhood by conforming to the customs of such kind comrades. This

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somewhat nettled Ned; but, absorbed in his sorrows and his studies, he could not afford the matter more than a passing thought upon occasion.

These studies he cherished no less as a present solace than as a preparation for the future, and found in them escape from thoughts and feelings which the mechanical duties of the drill-ground left active still. Though not popular with comrades of his own age and standing, from whom he kept, in some respects, aloof, his good sense, his good-humor, and his proficiency in all manly exercises, fruit of his double training on Cransdale Moors and in the playing-fields at Eton, kept him from the invidiousness of actual unpopularity. His chiefs formed from the first the highest opinion of him, and the major had already caused his name to reach the superior authorities, as that of a young officer of extraordinary promise. For some chance reason, the stay of his batch at the Chatterham depôt was unusually prolonged; but the time at last came in view when they must proceed to their distant destination. Messrs. Rufford and Jones, who had early intimation of the fact, felt, that if profit was to be made out of any of them, it must be made without further delay. The design upon Garrett had been abandoned. He really was too stupid to learn play, too little spirited to play without learning. Milward gave better hopes; weak enough to be led, he was quick enough to learn, and conceited enough to be coaxed or carried beyond his depth. The worthy pair found Mansfield an admirable, though unconscious, assistant in their design. He had a very tolerable taste for gambling, with not much more acquired knowledge of play than Milward's superior wit soon enabled him to gain; and he being pitted against Mansfield, nothing loath, learned confidence in his own skill and judgment.

So they fooled him on; sometimes in fair duel, so to speak, sometimes in square games, where the presence of a confederate, as partner on either side, made the direction of matters both easy and unsuspecting. Rufford had poor luck at play, and was subject, though he handled his cards well upon the whole, to unaccountable inadvertencies, which would sweep off in a turn the previous gains of steady skill and equable fortune. Milward was sharp enough, as he thought,

to take special note of this; and having had some unexpected minor successes to whet his appetite, determined on a regular set-to with the captain. To beat the man who had bullied him at first, and then had come round and acknowledged his social and manly qualities, would be greater glory than even gain. Jones made some apparent attempt to dissuade him from this rash purpose.

"Old Rufford knew a thing or two. When put upon his mettle, he was an ugly customer. In fact, he shouldn't himself half like a stand-up fight with him—if it wasn't that's to say, for those absent fits of his, which made such 'mulls' of his play now and then."

"Ah, but that's the very thing, you see, Jones. I own I am an inferior player, in some respects, to Rufford; but I have concentration," said the silly lad, drawing his lips tighter across his teeth, as if with instinctive consciousness of the feeble point of his handsome countenance.

"Yes, you command your attention better than Rufford, I think," answered the other; "which is strange enough, seeing what an old hand he is."

"I'll tell you what, Jones, it's all bosh about not getting old heads on young shoulders. Some youngsters are born with young heads on; but others with old ones all along; don't you see, eh?"

Jones did see, very plain.

At the bottom of the long mess-room at the company's barracks, Chatterham, were two little sitting-rooms, right and left. One was in general use as a smoking-room, the other comfortably furnished, was but seldom used, except as a kind of drawing-room when there were many seniors, or "distinguished visitors," at the depôt mess. Rufford and Jones had weighed very deliberately the arguments for or against making this room the scene of the gambling tournament.

"It was one of the scaliest points about young Archer's affair, Jones, that Plumer of 'the Dashers,' held the party in his own rooms. Floods of bosh were poured out upon it. We can't afford 'ugly circumstances' so soon after. Now, the little room to the left is public, though private to all intents and purposes, for there's not a fellow goes in there once in three months."

"No, that there isn't," said Jones; "and it's fusty enough in consequence."

"Never mind that, my boy; we can leave

the door open to air the atmosphere, which will look fair, and above board, you know, in case of impertinent inquiries. The odds are 'any thing to one' against any fellow lounging in, as we sha'n't play till very late, eh?"

"All right, then. It's a judicious idea enough."

Next morning, Ned, who by chance had got up unusually early, took it into his head to breakfast before, instead of after, parade. To the discomfiture of the messman, he ensconced himself in the uppermost corner of the long room, demanding coffee and poached eggs at an abnormal hour. Before these were ready, the old major looked in.

"Oh, there you are! You are early this morning. Here's the book I promised you. I keep up my old Indian habits, a canter before early parade; so I'm off round the Long Meadows. Look in to-night, will you? the Grants are coming."

The book was a relief, spite of the crabbed Oriental character. Ned kept on deciphering it to while away the time, with occasional interruptions, to shout at the dawdling messman.

Breakfast was so long in coming, that the second cup of coffee was but just poured out, when the bugle parade-call rang in the barrack-square. Up jumped Ned. Where should he put the major's book? The little sitting-room was a safe place; so he opened the door, went in, and placed it on a stand in the corner by the mantelpiece.

Parade was dismissed, when a young engineer officer cried out,—

"Locksley, didn't you say you should like to see the 'flying sap' to-day? There's a party going down to the lines with Dickson. They marched half an hour ago; but I have a trap outside, and I'll drive you down, if you've had your breakfast."

"Well, I've had half of it, or thereabouts. All right; I shall be glad of a lift."

And the young men drove off together.

The Sappers and Miners had a tent on the ground. And there was lunch, in due time, at some interval in action. Then, when the serious work was over, as men and officers were still full of "go," a couple of "scratch elevens" were got up, and Ned must needs play. "Too late for mess," was the word, when dinner-time was come; but as the

lunch-commissariat had been liberal, a fair enough ration was fidgeted out all round. When they got back to barracks, he had only just time to dress and run down to the major's. It was past eleven o'clock before he left. The Andersons and he walked home with the Grants, as the night was very fine. Twelve struck by the town clock some time before he reached the barracks. As he passed the sentry, he bethought him of his book.

"I'm not on duty to-morrow morning, and shall have time for a grind."

So he went up to the mess-room in search of it. In the antechamber he asked a sleepy-looking waiter for a flat candlestick, saying that he was going into the left-hand sitting-room for a book, left there that morning.

"Then you wont want no light, sir," said the servant, "there's several officers as is in that little room to-night, sir."

Before he was half-way up the long room itself, his ear caught a burst of exultation from Milward's voice, noisier but seemingly somewhat thicker also than usual.

"By George! who'd a thought it? That's the fourth game I've beaten you, captain. I should think you were most sick of it by this time."

"Fortune of war!" said Rufford, in answer, quietly. "Turn and turn about, you know."

"Ha! ha! yes! but your turn seems longish a coming," cried Milward. "Jones, my boy, give us a glass of champagne to toast our luck, eh? No, confound it, none of those long-necked apologies for a wine-glass. Give it us in a tumbler, man; can't you? I'm thirsty. Here, Rufford, here's better luck to ye!"

"Don't drink now, Milward; don't, if you'll take my advice," answered Rufford. "I never do when at play. Keep your head cool, for I mean to cut out your work yet for you. I must have my revenge."

Ned, who by this time was in the room, noted the captain's look and tone at these last words, with misgiving. He had a half a mind to stay and see that Milward, with all his folly, got fair play. Second thoughts told him there would be little use in that, as he couldn't do much more than tell an ace from a knave on the cards himself. He went therefore to the corner to take his book. As

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he turned his back to do so, he thought, and yet he could not make sure of it, that he heard an ominous whisper.

"What brings the major's jackal poking his nose in here, eh?"

This turned him again. He determined to stay.

"Any objection to one's looking on a bit?" he asked of Jones.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Milward, before any one else could answer. "Sorry I can't let you cut in yourself, if you'd like to take a hand; but it's a regular stand-up between Rufford and me to-night. Have glass o' wine?"

"No, thanks!" He put his foot upon the hind rung of Milward's chair, crossed his arms, and looked on. No one could object to this, after what Milward had said; the circumstance would have been too suspicious.

The first game of Ned's looking on, Milward won again, to his own unbounded satisfaction. The second, Rufford called for double or quits on the whole score of the evening, and won it. Nothing could be more moderate than his conduct to all appearance.

"Tell you what, Milward, we'll leave off, if you like, now; not a scratch on either side."

"Hardly a revenge, is it?" said Jones.

"No, counted it, none at all," backed up Mansfield.

Two other officers, who had been half dozing on a sofa, started up, inquiring what the row might be; and on hearing the case concurred "it's monstrous good-natured of Ruff; but hardly fair upon him."

No such incentives indeed were needed to spur Milward on, for the greed of gambling was on him just then, as well as its mere recklessness. But if any one word had been wanting, the chance expressions of these lookers-on—who had neither knowledge of his intended victimization, nor interest in it—supplied its room.

"Good-natured of him! Ha, ha, ha! That's a good 'un. I have beaten him five games out of six; and he's to be so kind as to let me off, because he's had the luck to get the best of a double and quits. And that was a regular fluke," ran on the doomed simpleton. "I don't want to say any thing

unpleasant, but the blundering way he played those clubs of his last hand, was almost enough to ruin any cards he held. What's your stake, Ruff? My deal."

"Well, then, if you 'mean business,' youngster," said the captain, with a new assumption of superiority in his tone galling enough, though by no means outrageous, "say twice what we did the last time."

Milward winced at the proposal. His antagonist, who faced him, could see what Ned, from behind his chair, could not—a tremulous motion of the weak upper lip.

"A leetle too much of a good thing, eh? How's that, with *your* judgment, to back your luck?"

"Done with you!" cried Milward.

"Please cut; the deal is mine."

The cards were balanced evenly, yet in the end the captain won.

"We play on, of course," said the loser, nervously, and in a hurried, would-be hectoring tone. "Stakes as before. I may right myself yet."

"As you please," answered the captain.

Milward leant eagerly forward. All crowded round. Even Ned unfolded his arms and laid his elbows on the back of Milward's chair, bringing his chin down on his hands, that his eyes might be nearer the board.

Rufford's play was very deliberate. Milward's not quite so much so. Do what he would, they could all detect an occasional tremor in his hand. Again, however, the mere chances of the game seemed to be fairly divided between them. Up to the last trick it would have been unsafe to decide upon the winner.

At this crisis, Rufford leaned back in his chair, and looked, with sarcastic smile, into his adversary's eyes.

"I really beg your pardon; but it only strikes me now. If you should win this game, it will be but a drawn battle. Not worth one's while that, after all said and done."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, let's double stakes as they stand now; and let these cards decide."

Milward hesitated, and his hand trembled evidently.

"Funky?" sneered the captain, with a look for which Ned, right opposite, would

have liked to send his fist between his eyes. Rufford read his meaning right enough; and caught at the notion of a double revenge, like lightning.

"What! Show the white feather, Milward, with your original backer at your back, too? He'll be ready to do for you the same kind office he did for me, no doubt."

"As how?" said Milward.

"Whitewash you, should need be, to be sure."

There was a titter, in which Milward joined hysterically.

Ned's brow darkened. It was his old weak point to pick up a challenge at any cost.

"Come!" said the captain. "Can't you find the pluck between you both?"

"Shall I?" said Milward.

"I'll halve the damage," whispered Ned, beyond himself at the growing insolence on Rufford's face.

"Done with you, then, Rufford," cried the other. "Knave!"

"Queen!"

"King!"

"Ace!"

"Let's see, how does it stand?" said the captain, with affected unconcern. "Hundred and twenty-five, doubled once, two hundred and fifty. Doubled again, wasn't it? Just five hundred. I like round numbers. If a cheque wont be convenient, I'll take an I. O. U. There's an inkstand on the sideboard in the mess-room, I believe."

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT active and intelligent officer of the county force, Police Constable Hutchins, had need of the fullest exercise of his intelligence and activity.

The case was one of "howdacious buglary," as he himself said at Rookenham.

There could be no suspicion of connivance with any of the servants, for the doors of the passage inwards had not even been attempted; whereas forcible entrance had manifestly been made from without. There were plain enough traces on the fine gravel under the window, of the presence of the "parties concerned," who had taken, however, the precaution of scuffling, in such wise as to baffle any attempt to identify boot-marks.

Had they been "put up to the plant" by any of my lord's establishment, they would not have made the very serious mistake of

breaking in on the left, instead of the right side of the great stone mullion. This mullion divided a two-light window of very doubtful "Gothic," the two lights being, in fact, two separate windows, lighting two separate little outer-rooms or passages, and the heavy clumsy mullion, itself a device for concealing the butt end, if one may say so, of the party-wall which divided them. Any one effecting entrance from without through the right-hand window, would have the door of the strong-room, in which the plate was kept, on his left hand, the party-wall on his right. Should he effect it, as the depredators did on this occasion, through the left-hand light, the party-wall would, of course, be on his left hand, the entrance to a sort of cabinet of curiosities on his right. The burglars having, as it would seem, a vague notion that valuable booty lay hereabouts, were wanting in the knowledge, accessible to any inmate of the house, of the relative positions of the plate and china stores.

It must have been a horrible disappointment to them after all their trouble, risk, and really hard work in forcing the well-fastened door, to find themselves in a museum rather than in a silversmith's. In a merely scientific point of view, the confusion of their topographical acumen must have been mortifying; and the financial failure of the speculation even more sad. One really could have found little heart to blame them had they vented their disappointment on the china generally, and enriched Lord Royston's collection by some additional specimens of "crackled" porcelain. Their abstinence from this obvious gratification of feeling gave P. C. Hutchins a respectful estimate of their prudence.

"Smashes o' crockery," remarked that officer, "hoften spile sport by givin' alarm to hinmates. Parties as can't keep their temper are hapt to put their foot in it at work o' this kind."

That they were practical philosophers, as well as men of self-control, and schooled in that wisdom which coined the proverb, "half a loaf, better than no bread," appeared from the further circumstance, noted by the keen inventorial eyes of Mrs. White, that they had taken with them, after all, such matter for consolation as the most valuable and portable of the non-earthenware articles of virtu could afford.

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"Whatever will my lord say, to be sure? There's things and things is gone, as he'd sooner lost a dozen of silver forks and spoons as sich."

The hue and cry raised in the county was ineffectual. Futile was the activity of P. C. Hutchins, vain his intelligence and that of his local superiors. It was with mingled feelings of indignation and pride that he found himself brought at last into contact with detectives of vulpine reputation from the metropolis. Actual acquaintance with such ornaments of Scotland-yard could not but in itself be gratifying to a professional man; but the local constabulary feeling enjoyed—how should it not?—a profounder, if less ostentatious, gratification in the baffling of metropolitan acumen by the mystery which provincial acuteness had failed to penetrate.

"And you'll keep your eyes open, officer," said Inspector Ferritts to Hutchins, as a parting salutation before leaving for town.

"Catch a weasel asleep, inspector!" answered that officer.

Tommy Wilnot had caught several lately, not asleep indeed, but still had caught them, and presented their lithe little corpses to Mister Watson for the increase of his ad-monitory exhibition in the open air. Poacher against poacher! It was almost as unfair as the mutton bones, which the wolf reproaches the shepherds for grilling, in the old Greek fable.

But the fact was, that Tommy was as tender of the game, in his way, as Mr. Watson himself. He was not the man to rifle "nestisses," nor to pity the riflers on four feet or on two. He was as good as an underkeeper in matters of preservation, only he could not keep from sharing sport in due season. Father and mother were still obdurate, refusing their sanction to his regular enrolment under Watson, who by way of accustoming them to what he saw was, after all, inevitable, would ask of Tommy, in their presence, to do odd jobs in the keep-er-in' line for him, just now and then, on pretext that some press of work was leaving him no regular hand unemployed and available. Now, it befell, not long after the failure of the London detectives at Rookenhams, that irregularities and offences had been rife upon the Cransdale trout-burns on the

upper moors. Certain fishes had been found dead on the banks, at higher and drier elevations than any to which their own saltatory performances could have enabled them to reach. No "spoor" of otter was traceable, nor did the spotted silver of the luckless trout show marks of the incisors of their amphibious enemy.

"Can't say whether 'um's bin wired or netted, or what not," grumbled the old keeper.

"Tell 'ee what now, Tommy, set a thief to catch a—no, there; no need to take no offence, Tommy. I've a knowed you a'most as long as your own father, lad; and though I owes 'ee a grudge or two on fur and feather 'count, I don't believe there's a 'onester young feller not hereabouts, all *but* the poachin'. Howsomedever, what I meant war this: my lord aint pertickler about the upland burns, so I don't want no 'rests made, nor nothin' like; but if you'd look into this here a bit, Tommy, and see what it is they does, and who does it, and let 'em know we can't quite stand it, not if things is to go on as they 'as; why, somethin' mought come on it, pertickler o' makin' things pleasant wi' your father and me about 'ee, Tommy!"

Never had Mr. Watson been known by Tommy to deliver himself of so lengthy a discourse. He was much moved by the circumstance, and by the evidence it disclosed of an interest in his own heart's wishes, and of a good-will, surviving in spite of frequent, aggravated, and old-standing provocations.

Nay, Mr. Watson went so far as to beg the loan of Tommy's services, by personal application from his father. It could not, under such condescension, be refused; so Tommy, strapping a fishing creel across his shoulders in token of his temporary rank on special service, betook himself to the moors to right the wrongs of the moorland trout.

It was three days after entering on this confidential enterprise that he determined—having completed a first cursory reconnaissance of the whole campaigning ground—to make detailed and minute examination of all and several the "likely places," where lines, nets, or wires might lurk unperceived. The hot noon found him at a notable spot, kneeling upon a ledge of stone which formed the brim of one of the deep basins, wherein

the eddying waters stayed their speed below the Pixie's pillar, not far from the spot of Ned Locksley's adventure with poor Benjy.

He had tucked up his coat-sleeve at the wrist, and passed his hand cautiously along the under side of the ledge beneath the water, without encountering any suspicious substance. But such a superficial search proved little. He stood up, passed the strap of the fish-basket over his shoulder, and deposited that receptacle upon the grass, in which the cheery chirrup of a million grasshoppers made merry music.

He untied his neckcloth, loose as it was, and thrust it into the pocket of his velveteen coat. Then he divested himself of that garment utterly, and tossing it aside upon an ant-heap, caused a total eclipse over that region, which must have disconcerted the astronomical expectations of the ants—if they have any. As he wore no waistcoat, nothing farther was needed to set his upper limbs at liberty but to tie his braces round his waist and roll up his shirt-sleeves to the shoulders. This done, he laid himself flat, face foremost, upon the rim of the pool again, his head downwards, after a most apoplectic fashion, one hand grasping the outer stone ledge; the other, groping deep in the cool water.

He was thus all unknowing of the approach of a blue-coated figure coming up the bank at a cautious distance from the water, which, by reflecting, might have betrayed its advance. But when the "determination of blood to the head," necessitated by his posture, became temporarily unendurable, he looked up, and turning him round upon his seat, was aware of the presence and close contact of Police Constable Hutchins.

"At it again, eh?" said that functionary.

"At what again, pleaceman?" answered Tommy.

"Come none o' that ere," retorted the man in blue.

"None of what ere?"

"None o' your sorce, young man, when took in the haet o' sich ingratitude."

If the features of Police Constable Hutchins had ever caught from the countenance of the Chairman of Quarter Sessions any vestige of its force of magisterial rebuke against offenders, some reflection of that awfulness, he thought, must at this mo-

ment be causing Tommy Wilmot's heart to quail.

It is sad to state, however, that this hardened offender showed a contemptuous composure under the just wrath overhanging him. After a moment's hesitation, during which the thought of jerking the peace officer over his head into the pool caused his fingers to contract and clutch at nothing, he said, in a tone between provocation and playfulness,—

"I don't want no rows wi' nobody. Now git along, pleaceman, do!"

"I'm a goin' to git along, in discharge of my dooty, young man," answered Hutchins, unhesitatingly; "and do you git up and come along wi' me, without makin' no rows, and it'll be the better for you."

Tommy stood up, not to comply with this summons by any means. Still the sense of responsibility, and even of official dignity, was on himself as on his adversary; so he contented himself with saying,—

"Tell 'ee what now, pleaceman; this ere's some mistake o' yourn. I'm a doin' o' my dooty, and you med go do yourn; I don't want no more words about it."

"Likely not," answered the other; "has for words, you may keep 'em for the justices, if so be you's rather. But if wirin' o' trout *his* your dooty, young man, happrehension of parties offending *his* mine, and *no* mistake."

"Oh, that's what you'm up to, be it?" cried Tommy, tickled by the policeman's blunder. "Ha'nt 'ee 'eared as Muster Watson's set I to look arter the lads that's bin a fishin' foul up 'ere now."

"I've a heard nothing of the sort," answered Hutchins, with evident incredulity.

"Then you've 'eared it now, and that's 'nuff, I s'pose," growled Tommy, interpreting and resenting the doubts upon the other's face.

"What!—set a thief to catch a thief, has Mr. Watson, eh?"

"Thief yoursen', you puddin'-faced peeler!" cried young Wilmot, enraged beyond measure at hearing from a foe's lips the same ugly phrase which had hurt him from a friend's.

There was a fulness of feature, combined with absence of color, about the worthy policeman's countenance, which accounted for,

if it did not justify, the disparaging epithet long since fixed upon him by the less reverent portion of the village lads. His temper was gone, whither Tommy's had preceded it.

"Likely tale, *hindeed*; to take a Cransdale keeper hout o' Cransmere lock-up. A hoffer of my 'experience aint to be took in so easy, no, not by no means." And he looked round for any suspicious circumstance, on which to found a formal charge.

"What's in yon basket, eh? fair fishin' gear, or foul, I wonder. I shall *hinsist* upon yer shewing me, young man!"

"Wish 'ee may get it!" said Tommy, sulkily.

"*Hindeed*!" cried the policeman, making a quick snatch at it, as he spoke.

But Tommy likewise snatched at it, catching the leather belt only, which broke with the violence of the tug on either side, and, the lid opening as the basket fell, its contents rolled out upon the trampled grass.

Tommy Wilmot was thunderstruck.

"Wusser nor I thort!" cried the constable. He whipped out a pair of handcuffs, and had one of them on one of Wilmot's wrists before the young man recovered his senses, and darted a few yards aside.

Then the policeman pounced upon an object on the grass, caught it up, and thrust it into his left-hand breast pocket in a moment.

He rushed at Wilmot, who shook him off; but made no attempt at escape.

"So sure as Heaven's above—" began the young man.

"Shut up wi' that," cried Hutchins, and rushed at him again; but again his powerful opponent shook him off, and stood at bay, without attempting to escape.

"Tell 'ee what, pleaceman, you let I goo hands free; an' I goos wi'out no more ado, I does. But you and I med both be dead i' bottom o' yon pool afore 'ee takes I down to Cransmere han'cuffed!"

The policeman was no coward, and would have done his duty to the death, if need were. But he knew his man, and knew him by experience for more than his own match in any encounter. Moreover he saw him stand his ground, where a race for liberty was clear before him.

"Put on yer coat, then, and come along."

As Wilmot obeyed the order, the constable

picked up the other scattered articles, and returned them to the basket, of which he took possession; then, side by side, in silence, he and his prisoner on parole went downwards from the moor.

"I really can see no course but to commit you for the present," said Squire Jekyll, when he had heard the policeman's story in his private justice-room, and had ascertained from Wilmot that, beyond a simple and absolute denial of any guilt or guilty knowledge on his own part, he had no account to give of the damning circumstance.

"There can be no doubt as to the identity or ownership of this article," continued the magistrate, taking from a drawer in his bureau a list of the missing articles advertised after the Rookenhams robbery.

"Let me see," and once more he picked up from the table what Hutchins had seized upon the grass and pocketed. "It corresponds exactly;" and he read off from the paper, "'No. 56, oblong tortoise-shell box, lined with ivory, outer surface inlaid with gold ornaments in the 'renaissance' style; centre, an oval medallion, with portrait of 'Madame de Pompadour' in miniature, by Boucher; initials, F. B., under lady's left breast.' There can be no doubt that this is the box described, forming part of the valuables abstracted from the family mansion of Lord Royston. You must see yourself that, upon your total failure to account for your possession of this box, or, more exactly, of its presence in your fish-basket, it must be my plain duty to have you kept in custody till further investigation."

Tommy shook his head mournfully; he had no objection to offer. But whilst the magistrate was sealing up the stolen box, he asked of him whether he might communicate with Mr. Locksley at the Lodge in the Park.

"By all means," answered the squire; "will you write, or shall I send down and ask him to come over?"

"Ah, do 'ee, sir, and beg o' him, for any sake, to come over at once; on'y don't 'ee tell un, please, what I'm in trouble about, till I've seed 'un mysen'."

This the squire promised also.

The handcuffs still dangled upon Tommy's wrist. The policeman locked the second loop round one of his own with an apologetic look.

"I'm hanswerable to justices for 'ee, now, you see, young man."

"All right," said Tommy, in profound dejection.

"But, I say, pleaceman?"

"Well, what?"

"I'd tak' it kind o' 'ee to say nought o' what's brought me so, no sooner nor 'ee can help, ye know."

"Never fear, young man," answered the constable, with a pompousness, which not even his intended good-nature could suppress. "Discretion is the duty of a hoffer in my position."

Before dusk Mr. Locksley was ushered in. He was mounting for an evening ride over the estate when Squire Jekyll's messenger arrived; so he set off immediately.

"Policeman over zealous, I suppose," he said, cheerily, on entering. "I have seen Watson on my way over, Tommy; I understand it's all right about your roving commission as keeper of the trout-burns. But you've had so many difficulties about that sort of thing before, that you mustn't be hard on the constable for having his suspicions."

Tommy shook his head.

"Wish it wur that, sir. This is 'nother gues sort o' thing, this is."

"An unlucky blow, Tommy? You were always too ready with your fists."

Mr. Locksley's kind, apologetic tone was more than the lad could bear. He laid his arm upon the table, and his face upon his arm, and sobbed aloud.

"Tommy Wilmot! man! Look up like a man, and tell me what's amiss."

"They thinks it wur I as broke into my lord's at Rookenharn, they does!"

"About as much as I did, Tommy!" said out, at once, the generous, open-hearted gentleman, under whose eye the boy had been born and bred.

"God bless 'ee for that, sir!" cried the prisoner, starting to his feet, and shaking off, as an evil spell spoilt, the despondency which had cowed him hitherto. He took a turn up and down the narrow crib; then begged his good friend to sit down upon the single chair, whilst he himself sat on the raised boards on which the rare inmates of Cransmere lock-up slept.

"What on earth can have put such a notion into their heads, Tommy?"

"I suppose them as put that box into my basket," answered he, with a forced laugh, which was a miserable failure.

"What box? You must remember I know nothing of what has happened, except that I find you here, where I am sure, as I said, that you have no right to be on any such score as that."

Thus encouraged, Tommy told him precisely what had passed, and of his own utter amazement at the unexpected appearance of the costly toy.

"It's most unaccountable," said Mr. Locksley, "and I should do you no service in hiding from you that, in the eyes of any one who didn't know you as I do, the thing would look very serious. But you shall have the benefit of lawyer's advice when the case comes on, and I'll see the squire myself and find out when it will."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Tommy, with a sincerity of tone which made up for the scanty allowance of grateful words.

"What shall I say at home, Tommy? Stories go about so, we sha'n't keep it long in some shape from father and mother, I fear."

"No! nor I wouldn't wish to't," he answered, "on'y I'd sooner have 'em 'ear it from a genelman like you, sir, as don't think I dun it, than be vrighted out o' their vour wits like by some lyin' gossip."

"All right, then, Tommy; I'll call in at once when I get over. I suppose there's nothing I can do for you to-night here? Shall you want any money?"

"No, thank'ee, sir! I've a bit i' my pocket if I shuld."

Mr. Locksley held out his hand to the poor lad, who wrung it with an eager grip, which told his appreciation of the friendly confidence put in him under such cloudy circumstances.

The elder Wilmot was a man of little judgment, and therewith pig-headed, as will not seldom befall. Mr. Locksley was surprised and shocked to find that Tommy's own father did not, as he had done, repudiate instinctively the supposition of the lad's guilt.

Disobedience to the just and reasonable commands of parents is, doubtless, offence enough in itself, and the fruitful parent of offences; but Tommy's disinclination for pursuits of horticulture could hardly be set

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down as regular rebellion, since he did continue to work among the lettuces and cabbages. But there was more of the despot than of the father in John Wilmot's estimate of his own authority. He seemed to think that hands which showed small aptitude for handling rakes and waterpots might naturally hanker after a burglar's crowbar. When he had heard Mr. Locksley's story and had recovered from the first emotion of surprise, he set himself to inveigh rather against his son's undutifulness than against the enormity of the suspicion of his guilt. The mother, too, true to her early prejudice against all poaching characters,—whom, indeed, she had but too good cause to think capable of the most outrageous crimes,—wept bitterly over Tommy's disgrace, and wrung her hands in despair, saying little else than this:—

"Guilty or not guilty, 'tis the poachin' as has brought it on us!"

An expression of opinion embodying, as Mr. Locksley felt, but too much of a truth likely to tell against her boy upon his trial.

The "big room" at the Cransmere town-hall was not very spacious, but such space as it contained beyond what was absolutely required for the magistrates' table was crammed to overflowing when Tommy was "had up." Three of P. C. Hutchins' blue-coated comrades were present from the county town itself, under the command of an inspector; and even their united imperiousness could scarcely keep the eager prying townsfolk from sweeping on to the tabooed parallelogram, to the confusion of magisterial order and the abrogation of all formal judicial action whatsoever.

There was a side-room at the upper end where the magistrates assembled, and whence in due time they issued in awful conclave to take their seats within the jeopardized "reserve." Squire Jekyll was there, and Mr. Locksley, Sir Henry Heblethwaite, and Mr. Mapes, of Maperly; the magistrates' clerk, of course, an attorney on the part of Lord Royston's man of business, and another retained, according to Mr. Locksley's promise, "to watch the proceedings on behalf of the defendant." The lock-up had no means of communication with the "big room" save through the principal staircase, and P. C. Hutchins, with Tommy in charge, had no small difficulty in pushing

his way through the crowd, even when assisted by a spirited diversion "ab intrâ" upon the part of the inspector himself. Poor Tommy Wilmot! He was holding his head high, as becomes a lad of spirit, conscious, as it would seem, of innocence, when he first came in contact with the edge of the packed assembly. But his head hung on his breast before the policemen had elbowed and hustled themselves and him half through. The hot breath of his slanderers literally made his cheek to burn, for their lips almost touched his ear as he was pushed past them.

"Who'd a thowt it, o' Lodge-gairdner's son too? But, there, pride must have a fall. Them Wilmots was a stuck-up lot allays!"

"Pleaceman don't look so main bad nayther; thay sed, as Tommy had nigh throttled 'un too, thay did."

"How much wur it he'd spent o' what he gotten for the goods, eh? 'Twur old Levi, at Saint Ivo's, bought the main o' it vrom 'un, I 'eard saay—"

"You see what cooms o' poachin', Billy," said one hortatory matron to a loutish lad of fourteen or fifteen, in a tattered smock, beside her.

It cut Tommy to the heart, that his own mother said little else to him.

"Poachin' indeed, old gowk," objected a notorious setter of springs to the speaker. "There's as good as Tommy Wilmot has been up here along o' poachin', as 'ud be sheamed to steal the valley o' a toothpick, let aloan 'ousebreaking."

This roused him again. To be cowed before such a creature as "Snivelling Sam," was a degradation to which he could not consent. He set his neck stiff, his teeth firm, and his eyes straight, and looked his gainsayers in the face once more.

"Lor! 'ow 'ardened 'e do seem, look 'ee!" said several charitable females, in a breath.

The process was little likely to soften an offender, so far.

A first and unexpected consolation was in store for him, however, when he had reached the outmost row. Foremost amongst the strugglers against that living hedge of constables, so conspicuous for gaps, stood Benjy Cottle, the poor idiot boy. Who when he saw his kind friend Tommy captive and distressed, seemed with an apprehension quicker than his wont, to know that something was wrong, and forthwith began to

vent his own alarm and grief in piteous howls.

"Don't 'ee hurt 'un, pleaceman, now, don't 'ee, ow, ow, ow!"

"Silence!" cried Sir Henry Hebblethwaite.

"Silence!" re-echoed the inspector.

But Benjy's lamentations rent the stifling air.

"Remove that noisy brat."

"Suttinly, Sir 'Enry," said the ever officious Hutchins. Sooner said than done. There was no thrusting Benjy summarily through the dense mass of townsfolk; and as for handing him out over their heads, as suggested by the inspector, his lively kicks and bites, and other practical remonstrances, made it a task of evident impossibility.

"Can't any one get him to hush up, at all events?" asked the less irascible squire.

"Perhaps his friend, the defendant," suggested, meekly, the magistrate's clerk.

This was an admirable idea, and, seconded by the defendant aforesaid, proved eminently successful. Upon being remonstrated with, and re-assured by, Tommy, and farther bribed by a promise of future peppermints, Benjy ceased his lamentations; but held his place in the front row still.

Justice thereupon entered undisturbed upon her august proceedings.

They were few and simple. The policeman was sworn, and gave his evidence, uncontradicted of course by Wilmot. The latter, when called upon to account for the presence of the box in his basket, could only suggest that some one, who had a spite against him, and was himself concerned in the robbery, must have placed it there.

"Some one who had a spite against you! Have you any reason to suppose that any person has one?" inquired Sir Henry.

"Not exactly," he answered.

"Not exactly? that's not exactly an answer, is it? Who is likely to have a spite of the sort against you?"

Tommy could have bitten his tongue out. The truth was, his acceptance of office under Watson had been counted an apostasy in certain sporting circles in the neighborhood. It had come to his ears that they had been aware of it, though the police had not; and that opinions derogatory to Tommy's sense of honor and goodfellowship had been expressed, in terms less choice than forcible,

in the tap-room of the Blue Cow. Threats of "serving him out" had accompanied these candid expressions of opinion; and his exculpatory theory had certainly been, that some of the dregs of the "poaching lot" in Cransmere having tampered in the robbery, had fixed on this means of inculcating him, and diverting suspicion from themselves.

But the slanders he had just heard against himself, though they made him savage, had no power to make him mean.

Every man, woman, and child, but Benjy, had some harsh word against the poacher on their lips.

Now, he had been a poacher, with distinctions and reservations, of a sportsman-like character, it was true; still a poacher, and for that belied. He was feeling with keen indignation, in that self-same hour, how cruel the injustice might be which made "poacher" and "thief" convertible terms. He shrunk, therefore, for the lad had a fine heart, from endorsing that injustice, even against possible enemies. Not another word, upon the subject of any spite against himself could the magistrate now get out of him.

"I suppose it would be right," said Sir Henry to his brethren, "that there should be some formal identification of the stolen article?"

"Just so," said the attorney present on Lord Royston's part. "Mrs. White, Sir Henry, the housekeeper at Rookenhams, is here, prepared to give evidence."

Mrs. White, was at this juncture introduced.

"Where is the box in question?" asked Sir Henry. Hutchins produced it, sealed up, as it had been by Squire Jekyll, on the afternoon of Tommy Wilmot's arrest.

But when the seals were broken, and the paper wrapping thrown aside, and the box held out to Mrs. White for her inspection, there was a fresh outburst from Benjy,—

"Gi' it I! gi' it! Yon's my coffin, my pretty little coffin for the mousey!"

"Silence!" again cried Sir Henry.

"Silence!" again re-echoed the inspector.

"Hush up now, Benjy," said Wilmot, "like a good lad."

Far from it. Was this indeed a hall of justice, and his lawful property to be kept unjustly from him?

"Gi' it I, pleaceman! Oh, do, pray, please

gi' it I! My pretty coffin, for my poor dear mousey!"

"What's that the brawling brat says?" inquired the peppery baronet. "If the police force of this county were worth their salt, they would know their duty better than to let us be interrupted by idiots after this fashion."

But the quick ear and attention of the attorney for the defendant had noted the protestations of the boy. There was a possible clue, so he caught at the thread eagerly.

"With your leave, and that of the bench, Sir Henry, this seems to me to deserve considerable attention. Allow me, gentlemen; is that your box, my boy?"

"Nonsense!" cried Sir Henry. "How can the box be the boy's, when there's Mrs. White here to prove it part of Lord Royston's property. Besides which, how could a brat like that come by a box like this?"

"Ah, that indeed is quite a separate question. But excuse me, Sir Henry, I appear for the defendant, and prefer conducting my client's case my own way."

"As you please then, Mr. Attorney," growled the baronet.

The lawyer turned to Benjy.

"Is that your box, my boy?"

But Benjy's fitful intelligence failed to detect a friendly tone in the question, and he gaped upon the questioner with open mouth and lack-lustre eyes. This was embarrassing. The attorney was, however, a man of expedients. If Benjy's attention could be turned from himself again upon the toy, he knew that his chance of eliciting an answer would be tenfold. So he took it in hand, with "by your leave, Sir Henry," and passing it close under the idiot's face, repeated his question, "Is this your box, my boy?"

"Ees it be!" cried Benjy, clutching at it.

"And where did you get it?" boldly asked the attorney, with a double inward apprehension, lest the child should obstinately refuse to answer; or lest he should blurt out something which might mar, instead of mending the case for Tommy.

"Nigh t' peat-pools," answered he without a second's hesitation.

The attorney could not resist a glance of satisfaction towards Sir Henry.

"Where are these peat-pools?" he asked of the policemen.

"Further edge of the moor, towards the quarries," said two, in a breath.

"Well, you're a good boy, and shall have some peppermints," continued his interrogator, who had noticed the soothing effect of that expectation upon him previously.

It occurred to Sir Henry, that there might lurk herein a savor of tampering with the witness; but the examination of Benjy being necessarily informal, he feared to risk its utter interruption by objecting.

"Didn't you say it was mousey's coffin, eh?"

"Ees it be. Poor dear, wee mousey!"

"And what have you done with mousey, my boy?"

"Put 'un in yon basket," pointing to the fishing-creel upon the table.

"Ah yes! poor wee mousey!" said the sympathizing attorney. "So you put him in the basket, box and all, did you, till you could bury him?"

"Ees, put 'un into pit hole like t'owld saxton," replied Benjy, with unusual lucidity before Sir Henry could object that the attorney must really not put such leading questions.

"How came this poor child to have access to your basket, Wilmot? Has he been in your company lately?"

"Why, yes, sir; I tak' my vittles at his mother's these day or two, since I wur set to mind the burns up at moor."

"Gentlemen!" said the attorney turning round to the bench, "here is evidence, most unexpected and most unexceptionable, of the fact that, as my client has all along asserted, this box was placed without his privity in the position where it was accidentally discovered by the policeman. The very circumstances under which that poor innocent's witness has been elicited remove, thank God, any suspicion of collusion. My duty is not concerned with suggesting how the child came into possession of the box, but is best discharged by claiming, as I now do, for my client an instantaneous and honorable acquittal."

There was a cheer from the audience at this little speech. Tommy had learnt, however, to hold their judgment cheap. He turned on them a look of such contempt as few could fail to understand.

"What!" said Sir Henry, in a confidential undertone to his brother magistrates,

"are we to let off this poaching scamp, and lose the first clue that has been come across to the Rookenhams affair, on the score of an idiot's cock-and-bull about a dead mouse?"

"By the way," interrupted Mr. Mapes, "the boy said he put the mouse into the basket; the box was rather a suggestion of the defendant's attorney, wasn't it?"

"Policeman Hutchins," he then asked, "the boy says he put a dead mouse into the basket: did you happen to see one when its contents fell out?"

"No, sir. Nor I don't think there could have been one neither, for I picked up what was on the grass after pocketing the box; and I didn't see no mouse, I'm positive."

Policemen are but human. The vanishing of all prospect of a share in the reward advertised for the fortunate man who should prosecute to conviction any party concerned in the great Rookenhams burglary disposed him to attach less weight than Tommy's attorney did to the evidence in favor of the defendant.

"And what did you do with what you picked up, constable?" said Tommy's adviser.

"Shoved hall into the basket agen."

"Has the basket been opened since?"

"Not as I knows on, sir."

"May I suggest a search of its contents," he asked of the authorities.

"By all means," they assented.

One by one the articles contained were handed out and laid upon the table. A bit of chalk, a lump of bees'-wax, an old steel tailor's-thimble, a pocket songster, a hank of stout thread, a rude apology for a fly-book—with some admirably tied flies in it, however, as Mr. Mapes, an enthusiastic angler, at once observed; a clasp knife, a roll of gut, and, last of all, a very dirty, tattered pocket-handkerchief. Then the basket was held upside down and shaken. No mouse appeared.

A shade of disappointment clouded for a moment the attorney's face; Sir Henry brisked up again; but once more Benjy interposed to guide the investigation.

"Ees, yon be my poor mousey, tied up in t' hanchefut."

"Tied up in what?"

"In t' lad's ankecheef," explained Tommy.

"Shake it out, policeman," said the squire, who shrunk from contact with the unsavory rag himself.

It might once have been, as its manufacturer intended, a rough white cotton article imprinted with the representation of a blind man and his dog, surrounded by the verses of the beggar's petition. But if no other coloring had ever wrought confusion in its design, the strong, mordant purple of the juice of squashed blackberries had effectually obliterated all. The holes and tatters went impartially in both directions of warf and woop. No mouse fell out, but in one corner two knots appeared, and being with some toil unfastened—sure enough, the corpse of a poor little shrewmouse was discovered in an early stage of decomposition.

"I think after this corroboration, gentlemen," again interposed the attorney, "I need hardly renew my appeal. It is bare justice that my client should not only be discharged, but with the acknowledgment that there remains neither particle of evidence nor ground of suspicion against him."

Though it was evident the magistrates assented, there was no cheering this time; for Tommy, as if to forbid it, turned round once more and scowled angrily at the assembly. Then he put his hand up to his forehead, pulled his forelock towards Mr. Locksley, shook hands with his attorney, and began at once, with scant ceremony, to elbow his way out of the crowd, whose sympathies he scornfully rejected.

There was a further difficulty with Benjy, whom P. C. Hutchins took upon him to detain, and endeavored with no sort of success to cross-question about the finding of the enamelled box. "Nigh t' peat-pools" he repeated once or twice, and thenceforward devoted his whole flickering attention to the shrewmouse's unsavory carcass. Being allowed to wrap it up in his handkerchief again, he consented to accompany the policeman home, upon stipulation that opportunity should be afforded him of investing in peppermints the sixpence which, with praiseworthy faithfulness to his promise, the triumphant counsel for the defence had bestowed upon him. Hutchins was commissioned by the magistrates to make careful inquiries from Widow Rizpah, and empowered, if necessary, to search her cottage. It was not, however, till some weeks after that any thing appeared to corroborate or invalidate Benjy's assertions; and then one of the Cransdale underkeepers picked up, not

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five hundred yards from the peat-pools, an old-fashioned silver pencil-case, which Mrs. White identified as also forming part of Lord Royston's stolen goods. But a sullen indignation glowed like red-hot embers in the mind of Tommy Wilmot. It seemed to him upon regaining his liberty as if there was little more warmth in his parents' reception of him than there had been readiness in their conviction of his innocence: and the forwardness of the Cransmere gossips to believe the worst of him was an iron that had entered into his soul. The long-coveted underkeepership—should his father consent to his accepting it, as Mr. Locksley was most anxiously urging on him now to do—seemed to have lost its charm, it was already tainted with the reproach of being a turn-coat's bribe.

A wall of ice, upon which the glow of his own anger made no more thaw than an Esquimaux's camp-fire upon a "hummock" in the arctic seas, seemed to have interposed between his father and himself; and even his mother's tears seemed to freeze upon it into mere icicles, because he suspected that she, possibly, still suspected him. The warm breath of a genial confidence could alone melt the dense and cold obstruction, and from no quarter of the domestic heaven did such a soft south wind blow.

He took, without apparent increase of reluctance, the paternal rakes and watering-pots in hand, and went to work once more among the "cabbidge and lattices" which his soul spurned. He brooded and brooded, but hatched no egg of intent, cockatrice or wholesome barn-door chick; until one day, mowing on the lawn by the Lodge windows, without evil intent of eavesdropping, certain words smote his ear between the tinklings of the sharpening-stone upon the scythe.

"So Ned sails this day three weeks. O Robert, I can hardly think all real now."

He didn't catch the answer.

"But we'll go down to Chatterham, dearest, wont we, to spend the last week at least with him."

Tommy moved off; but he had heard enough.

"Go for a sodger, eh? To the East Indies, along with Master Ned. I can't abide things as they is at home much longer, nor I wun't."

Two days after Mrs. Wilmot was crying her heart out in Lucy's little breakfast-room, reproaching herself, too late, with a woman's ready repentings.

"Oh, deary, deary, deary me, ma'am, to think we should a druv' un to 't. Our Tommy's tuk' an' started."

M. E. LAGOUT has presented a report to the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the employment of sea-weed, applied in layers against the thin walls of habitations, to prevent sudden variations in and excess of temperature. The marine algae, such as sea-wrack, may be termed a *sea-wool*, which has this advantage over ordinary wool, that it does not harbor insects, and undergoes no change by dryness or humidity, provided it be not exposed to the solar rays; in that case it undergoes a complete transformation: from being brown and flexible, it becomes white and almost rigid. In the dark, on the contrary, it is unchangeable, unfermentable, impure, unflammable, and unattackable by insects. At first it has the objection of being hygroscopic, but a single washing in fresh water removes the salt, and then its properties become so beneficial, that a celebrated architect has

styled it the "flannel of health for habitations." It has been applied successfully between the tiles and ceiling of a railway station also in a portable house intended for the use of officers at the Camp of Chalons: also double panels, the intermediate space being filled with seaweed, have been prepared for the construction of temporary barracks at the isle of Reunion. The consulting committee of Public Health, the Society of Civil Engineers, the council for Civic Structures, etc., have expressed their approval of the judicious employment of the marine algae, and state that the popularization of this process will be of great service in dwellings, especially in those of the humbler class, as it renders them both more agreeable and salubrious. It can be obtained for about twenty shillings the ton, which quantity is sufficient for upwards of an hundred square yards of roofing.

From The North British Review.

Horæ Subsecivæ. By John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E. First Series. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1859.

Horæ Subsecivæ. Second Series. Edinburgh, 1861.

THIS book must be a great consolation to Mr. John Stuart Mill. That great writer and thinker has lately told us, in an essay full of gloomy forebodings, that every fresh originality of character is disappearing so rapidly from our society, that any deviation from one uniform type will soon become so rare as almost to be monstrous. This melancholy conviction gives rise to vaticinations still more dismal. And if it be true that the once rich and various life of Great Britain is now fused into one homogeneous social system, no wonder that thoughtful men should look to the future with more anxiety than hope. But to us the case does not appear so desperate as to Mr. Mill, for we do not think the world so monotonous. It is quite true that the remotest districts have now been brought so much nearer one another than they used to be, that the modes of thought of town and country have been assimilated in a remarkable manner. We are all interested and excited by the same things, and very much in the same way. In every corner of the three kingdoms people are engaged at the same moment in abusing Major Yelverton or in deifying Garibaldi. Every pulse of the great nation beats with its mighty heart; and though it is not impossible that Edinburgh should be in a ferment and London apathetic, London can hardly be moved very deeply without Edinburgh or without Kirkwall being almost equally agitated. It is true also, that this closer contact of remote districts has produced some bad effects, as well as effects that are unquestionably beneficial; and of these perhaps, it is not the least formidable that "the circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more and more assimilated." But though this may in some respects be an evil, we do not think it quite so serious an evil as Mr. Mill does, simply because we do not believe that the characters of individuals are shaped entirely by the circumstances which surround them. We do not believe, therefore, that by this assimilation of circumstances all variety will be blotted out

from the picture of English life. The characteristic distinctions between the different classes of society are not so broad now as they were in the last generation, and every day they are growing finer and more evanescent. But this is no new phenomenon in the history of manners. It would not be very easy, perhaps, to find a characteristic squire now-a-days, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Hazeldean, or a characteristic parson like his Dale; but Squire Hazeldean and Parson Dale have only followed Squire Western and Parson Adams, as they themselves had long ago followed Sir Hugh Evans and Holofernes. Every element in these characters which is owing directly to the circumstances that surround them, has disappeared, or soon will disappear, from our modern manners. And if human life were a bad theatre, where the plumes and the tartan make all the difference between the Macbeth of to-night and the Hamlet of tomorrow, it would be reasonable enough, in the disappearance of such elements of difference as these, to see the approach of that dreaded uniformity which would surely be one of the greatest calamities for the national mind.

But though men may no longer differ greatly from one another, merely in virtue of their different conditions, it seems to us that the diversities of natural character will nevertheless remain as inexhaustible as ever. Even in these bad times, when the public voice is, no doubt, monotonous enough, when "the organs of public opinion" are all engaged in expressing the same sentiments, and inculcating the same doctrines, and the *Eatonswill Gazette* suspends its heroic struggle with the *Eatonswill Independent*, only in order to re-echo the proclamations of the *Jupiter*, there still remains, we are convinced, enough of individuality, enough of energy, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, enough of devotion also, among quiet, simple, sequestered people to save us from the Chinese stagnation which Mr. Mill so mournfully predicts. And if any of our readers is more inclined to agree with Mr. Mill than with ourselves on this subject, let him turn for consolation to Dr. John Brown. The *Horæ Subsecivæ* of this Edinburgh physician will reveal to him, if he will take the trouble to read it, not only the existence of "marked character" in one author, but of

whole worlds of doctors, carriers, clergymen, shepherds, and, let us not forget to add, dogs,—all strongly marked characters, and all as different from other doctors, clergymen, and the rest, as Dominie Sampson differs from Dr. Proudie. And, in this point of view, Dr. Brown's originality is probably all the more important because of the manner in which it is expressed. For although we cannot attribute to the "influences hostile to individuality," so powerful or so unlimited an operation as Mr. Mill seems inclined to do, it is impossible for any thoughtful man not to see that such influences are truly at work; and perhaps, they are at work so extensively nowhere as in the world of letters.

We do not mean to say that the number of original and powerful writers now living, and publishing books, is either actually or comparatively small. The ten years—to go no further back—which elapsed between "Vanity Fair" and "Adam Bede," have given no contemptible amount of new and admirable writing to the world. We are not speaking of such great masters as Thackeray and George Eliot. And yet it might be curious to consider the extent to which the greatest writers of our day have allowed their thoughts to be directed and colored by that of the age in which they are living. Even the most illustrious of them all, the poet who of all modern poets is the most profoundly thoughtful and meditative—we mean Mr. Tennyson—seems far oftener to be moulding into some exquisitely beautiful shape the thoughts of an intellectual and highly cultivated age, than to be taking things new and old from the inexhaustible treasury of an individual mind, richer by the gift of nature than the accumulations of great libraries could make it. It need hardly be said that this is true of Mr. Tennyson only in a very limited sense. The commonest thoughts, when he utters them, are transfigured and glorified by the touch of a great imaginative poet; and the thoughts he is most fond of uttering are not common. It is in much humbler regions of literature than any that are haunted by his Muse, and yet in regions that are neither unimportant nor unadorned by talent of a very high order, that the absence of individuality is to be remarked.

What the cause of this effect defective may be, we do not stop to consider; but it

is certain that, while we find writings every day in reviews and magazines and newspapers, which show great cleverness, learning, scholarship, every kind of ability, it is rarely indeed that we find any which show character. Now, Dr. Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ* is only a collection of miscellaneous articles, some of them reprinted from magazines and newspapers, some published apparently for the first time in their present form; but we think it worth while to occupy some space with a notice of them, not because of any exceptional degree of talent which they evince, but because of that individuality which Mr. Mill finds nowhere, and which we have owned that we find very seldom in the "literature of the day." Dr. Brown is not without admirable talents as a writer; but the chief value of his book consists in the freshness and force of character which it describes very well and often in others, and displays as prominently in himself. The charm of these papers, in short, consists in the constant presence of the author. Dr. John Brown talks familiarly with his readers, instead of exerting himself to write for them; and there is so much of ease and richness of thought and feeling, so much love and goodness as well as genius and culture in his conversation, that these fugitive pieces have a value in our eyes a great deal higher than that of far more pretentious, laborious, and deeply considered books. The one defect, the appearance of which at least is inseparable from this kind of writing, is both the result and evidence of the originality which makes it valuable; we mean the exaggerated importance which the writer is sure to attribute to the things and persons which interest himself. We remember how Lord Cockburn was accused of thinking Edinburgh a bigger place than London. We should not be surprised if the same charge were brought against Dr. John Brown. In both cases it is a misapprehension. It is quite impossible for such men to

"Take the rustic murmur of their burn

For the great wave that echoes round the world."

But, however paradoxical it may seem, the most original mind is the most sensible to the form and pressure of the life that surrounds it. The freshest and richest nature is always the most alive to the things that are passing. And when such a writer as

Lord Cockburn, or as Dr. Brown, has received a lively impression of any kind, he is by no means disposed to conceal the traces of it out of deference to criticism. He is fearless of literary circles. He is never thinking of the *Café Procope*; and since he looks at the world for himself, and judges its life by no artificial standard whatever, his own genial enjoyment will seem to him sufficient warrant for attaching importance to the sayings and doings of men. People who have formed a fixed set of associations out of books and newspapers, may possibly think things trivial which he finds to be instructive and interesting. But that is because they are conventional and sophisticated. Their life is a kind of cut-and-dry criticism. Dr. Brown's very criticism is buoyant and vigorous life. There is a great deal of the schoolboy about our doctor's love of dogs and horses. There is something of the same quality in his hearty dislikes and exuberant admirations. Sometimes we think this leads him wrong, as when he talks of Mr. Harvey's pictures as if they were works of great genius. Generally it leads him right, as when he condemns that big impostor Festus. But, right or wrong, his severity and his praise alike are generally to be traced much more to the genial than to the intellectual nature of the critic. We do not mean that his judgments are capricious. He has a very fine critical faculty; and his natural taste has been chastened and educated by the constant and reverential contemplation of excellence. But the one thing he requires in writing or in painting is, that he himself should be moved by it; and if that is done, he is independent of external rules. His private judgment is not to be affected by the weight of authority. He is entitled, in short, to say with a more famous essayist: "*J'ay une ame libre et toute sienne, accoutumée à se conduire à sa mode.*"

The preface to the first series of *Horæ Subsecivæ* contains a very unnecessary apology for what the author describes as "the tendency in him of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to and expressed." This is a very inadequate account of a rich and penetrating humor, not unworthy of so enthusiastic an admirer of Charles Lamb. He has not indeed—who ever had?—the wild yet tender imaginative wit of Elia, so subtle and wonderful, that

even Scotchmen adore him, when he is "bleating libels against their native land." But he has the genuine humor which, in his own words, is "the very flavor of the spirit, its rich and fragrant *ozmazome*, having in its aroma something of every thing in the man, his expressed juice." Dr. Brown's humor illustrates admirably the definition of a thoughtful writer, whose own wit, by the way, was rather leathery,—Archdeacon Hare, who explains humor as "a sense of the ridiculous, softened and meliorated by human feeling." This is a true but hardly an adequate definition; for it fails to express how thoroughly the humor and the feeling interpenetrate each other. The two elements cannot be separated by the most searching analysis. Nor is the result, though always humanizing, so invariably gentle as one might suppose. Dean Swift, at least, is an illustrious example to show that some slight infusion of gall is by no means inconsistent with true humor; and it might not be impossible to name another instance almost as striking among our great living authors. But we have quoted Archdeacon Hare, chiefly to show how broad a distinction there is between such humor as Dr. Brown's, and the mere tendency to be always joking, with which he seems modestly afraid that it may be confounded. There is a great deal of fun in Dr. Brown: his gravely comic power is inimitable; but it is hardly ever, as it seems to us, the purely ludicrous which gives occasion for its exercise. The incongruity which moves him is that of ideas, and not of words. Sometimes his humor is merely quaint, as when he says of an eloquent talker, "He flowed like Cæsar's Arar, *incredibili lenitate*, like linseed out of a poke." Generally it is so deeply inter-fused with the human feeling of Mr. Hare's definition, that the smile with which we receive it is very nearly akin to a tear. It looks at the realities of life, and reveals at a touch the infinity and the limitations of our nature, as only the greatest masters of the human heart can reveal it in fiction. And for this very reason, perhaps, it is more felicitous nowhere than in cases where duller men would be puzzled to understand how human feeling should be imported into the matter at all. His descriptions, or rather characters of dogs, for example, are really like nothing so much, either in the result or

in mode of treatment, as the Ellistons and Captain Jacksons of Elia. We do not put Toby on a par with Captain Jackson; but the peculiarities of his mental organization are made known to us in much the same way. The most impalpable niceties of the character are seized with the same firm and delicate touch, and brought out, one after another, with the same gradual art, till the picture is complete. And we know nothing anywhere, except in Charles Lamb, which in the least degree resembles the grave fun with which the whole dog is then presented to us. Nor in this process does the one artist ever degenerate into caricature any more than the other. We have not personally known his Tobys and John Pymys, and their fellows; but we feel there is no reason why we should not have met them. They are actual canine beings; and it is as impossible to mistake them for one another, as it is to forget the individuality of the characters of a great dramatist in their general resemblance and their common nature. Unfortunately, we cannot support this opinion by extracts, for we have no room for any complete picture; and we have not the heart to tear any into fragments. But there are two characteristic anecdotes, which we cannot resist. Our readers must understand that Dr. Brown, when a boy, had brought a shepherd's dog from Tweedside to Edinburgh:—

"She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts—even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong—always blithe, and kind, and beautiful. But, some months after she came, there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening she disappeared. We tried to watch her, but in vain. She was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied, and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor, dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond though tired. Well, one day, I was walking across the Grass-

market with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and, looking at her, one said, 'That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naeboddy kens.' I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the 'buchs,' or sheep-pens, in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The men said, with a sort of transport, 'She's a perfect meercle—flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang wears, but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meercle, and as soople as a mawkin.' Then he related how they all knew her, and said, 'There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo.' They tried to coax her to stop, and be caught, but no: she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that 'wee fell yin' was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace."

We think our readers will thank us for transferring what follows to our pages:—

"It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have for their dogs. Professor Syme, one day, many years ago, when living in Forres Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house. It was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he continued to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room. He wished advice about some ailment; and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. 'And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?' 'Oh,' said he, looking awkward, 'I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied.' Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings."

We did not intend to quote more about dogs; but is there not something at once very absurd and very touching about this:—

"Puck had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day, a dog-day, when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine,

I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide, quiescas."*

It is plain that, even in the dog-days, Dr. Brown would have no sympathy with the timid scholastic Gray, who said with some indignation, when he was asked if that was his dog, "Do you suppose that I would keep an animal by which I might possibly lose my life?"

The same faculty for seizing the subtlest distinctions of character, which enables Dr. Brown to describe his dogs so admirably, is displayed quite as effectually when he is dealing with men. We do not know that he gives evidence anywhere of that highest imaginative power which consists in the invention of a character; but in the exposition of an actual character, a man whom he himself has seen and known, it would not be very easy to mention many writers by whom he has been surpassed. And this is neither a small talent nor a very common one. It is a much slighter achievement, as it seems to us—and certainly it is a far less useful one—to collect a number of salient features, to solder them cleverly together, and call them a man or a woman, as some of our very popular novelists are much in the habit of doing, than to represent an actual human being as he lived, not by describing attributes merely, but by drawing his character. The power of conceiving an original character is, no doubt, among the rarest and highest of gifts. No description, however excellent, of real people will place a writer on the same level as the great dramatists or the great novelists. But you may count on your fingers the dramatists and the novelists who in this sense are entitled to be called great. As soon as the invention ceases to be human and true, the most dazzling effects of humor or of pathos will give the cleverest caricaturist no right or title to a place beside Sir Walter, or Fielding, or Jane Austen. And no inferior exhibition of imaginary persons is half so excellent a thing, in our view, as the most unpretending portraiture of people who have really existed.

With all the amusement we have derived, and hope still to derive, from their productions, the talents of a second-rate novelist—and we should include some very distinguished names in that category—do not appear to us to be so admirable, nor their functions nearly so estimable, as those of the quiet and truthful painter of the things and persons his own eyes have witnessed. To invent a true and many-sided human being, ideal or real—a Hamlet or a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Portia or an Elizabeth Bennet—demands all the qualities which Dr. Brown evinces in describing his own friends, and an imaginative power in addition, which infinitely transcends them all. It is a very different matter to invent traits of character, however funny or however beautiful, or in however clever a combination, without that marvellous interfusion of individual traits with the characteristics common to humanity, which makes the resemblance between the people we see in the world and those we meet with in the great masters of imaginative literature. This may be done with very brilliant effect; but it shows the absence and not the possession of the excellences that are necessary for the exposition of true characters, whether actual or imaginative. We have no hesitation in saying that it required a far higher and more capacious mind, a finer insight, and, in every sense of the word, more genius, to delineate such a character as that of the late Dr. Brown in the way our author has done it, than to invent a score of the grotesque exaggerations which have moved the tears and the laughter of this most sensitive generation.

We mean no disparagement when we say that Dr. Brown generally approaches the people he is describing from the outside. If he remained there we could say nothing worse of him. But however he begins, he has almost always penetrated to the heart of a man before he has done with him. And if it be accompanied in any sufficient degree by feeling and humor, there is, after all, no finer instrument for the detection of character than a keen, rapid, and comprehensive eye for external peculiarities. Dr. Brown says he thinks that he could have been a painter; and it is certain that he possesses the prime requisite of being able to see the outward form of men and things. Nor would it be easy to present in words a more vivid

image of a picture than he can when he pleases. Here, for example, is a sketch from the beginning of "Rab and his Friends:" "Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not, see the dogs fighting; it was the flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men as so many 'brutes;' it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards to one common focus." This clear perception of physical appearances is employed with great skill and success in Dr. Brown's biographical sketches. It is by penetrating observation of all the lovely organs of a life that he seems to arrive at the idea of the life, and he evolves the idea for the benefit of his readers in much the same fashion,—

"As when a painter poring on a face
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at his best
And fullest."

There are two peculiar worlds of which, by sketches of some remarkable inhabitants of both, Dr. Brown gives us glimpses—the medical and the clerical. There are no professions of which the human element ought to be more interesting for laymen; and we cannot help thinking there are none for which, in this aspect, literature has hitherto done less. A good biography of any kind is rare; but rarest of all, is a good biography of a clergyman. One reason may be, that the dignity of their calling makes it so impossible for clergymen to regard it merely as a profession, that it hardly occurs to them or to their biographers to look at their relations with the rest of the world from the human point of view at all. And it is not impossible, that, while the great difficulty of all biography is to trace the intricate connection between the one man whose life is being written, and the qualities ascribed to him which are common to all men, that difficulty may be greatly increased when the subject of the life is a divine. For the qualities which make the life of such a man worth

writing, are those of all others which the finest hand is required to individualize. Devotion, for example, and love of truth, identify no man. They are qualities of which we have the vaguest and least personal conception. But, unless the biographer of a man whose life was illustrated chiefly by devotion, or spiritual feeling, or love of truth, be a very able and discriminating person indeed, he is almost sure to think that he has done his work when he has pronounced a panegyric on such characteristics as these. To show how they were characteristic, not of good men, but of the one good man whose life he is writing, and no other, is the most subtle and delicate office a biographer can be called on to perform. Nothing short of dramatic genius can bring out clearly the fine evanescent lines by which such a man's personal peculiarities are interwoven with the sublimest feelings and emotions that elevate humanity. The best illustration of this rare and happy art that we could quote from Dr. Brown's book, would be his picture of his father; but we find that, if we were to begin to copy that, we should not be able to spare our readers a single sentence; and it is far too long to transfer entire to our pages. Another illustration may be found in a notice of Dr. Chalmers, in a paper contributed to this journal several years ago, from which, therefore, we do not need to quote.*

Perhaps we could find nowhere a more quiet and graceful picture, without any exaggeration or straining for effect, than the touching and beautiful character of "Uncle Ebenezer," the well-known pastor at Inverkeithing. It is little to say, that such things as this give a truer insight into the life and nature of a certain class of Scotch divines than any amount of lives and church histories:—

"Uncle Ebenezer flowed *per saltum*: he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week; six days he brooded over his message, was silent, withdrawn, self-involved; on the sabbath, that downcast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit, stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable forefinger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord! such a power of asking questions, and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his

* *North British Review*, vol. viii., No. xvi., page 403.

hearers, and then answering them himself with an 'Ah, sirs!' that thrilled and quivered from him to them! . . . Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt passages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical prowess. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready for 'my nephew;' and the moment the oracle gave a decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give. . . . Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day; his daughters—his wife was dead—besought him not to go; he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got out the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm; his pony, getting its feet balled, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into the ditch at the roadside. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man, might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whiskey-casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up. Raising him, and *dichting* him with much commiseration and blunt speech: 'Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?' There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet, and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful; and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whiskey, and said, 'Tak that, it'll hearten ye.' He took the horn, and, bowing to them, said, 'Sirs, let us give thanks;' and there, by the roadside, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him; and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. 'And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass o' whiskey!' Next Presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said, 'Moderator, I have something per-

sonal to myself to-day. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but,—and then he told the story of these men—'but more truekindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God, I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter.'"

We wish Dr. Brown had not omitted in his Second Series the two professional papers to which he alludes in the preface. The essays of that kind in his first volume are among the most interesting and valuable that he has written; and they are so because they deal far less with the mere details of his art, in which doctors only are likely to be interested, than with the far larger question of the way in which the art can be taught and learned, so as to afford the best chance of its being exercised for the benefit of men. The mere acquirements of the physician are only alluded to; but the way in which these acquirements can be turned to practical account is discussed in more than one excellent paper, which neither young doctors nor patients of any degree of age or experience can read too often or think over too thoroughly. The position of the medical profession has greatly changed within the last half-century. People no longer expect quite the same things from their doctor; and, fortunately or unfortunately, they are no longer inclined to feel the same unquestioning confidence that they will receive what they do not expect. The edge of the old sarcasm is blunted. A physician is not now an unfortunate gentleman who is expected to perform a miracle every day. Most of us have been made to understand that the issues of life are not in the pharmacopœia; and, in the natural progress of things, the very time when the mere accumulation of learning is beginning to afford less and less consolation to the mind of a much suffering universe, it is in itself growing vaster and more imposing. The science is crowded and overwhelmed with details in every direction. Nervous and hypochondriacal persons suffer frightfully from Mr. Churchill's advertisements of books. It is only too evident from that appalling evil, that every minute organ of the human frame is the centre of a whole system of diseases, all too probably in active, though hitherto unsuspected operation, at the very moment we

are trying to spell out for the first time their cacophonous and mysterious titles. And when he turns from the diseases incident to humanity, to the almost equally numerous and distinct sciences, by the aid of which medicine proposes to combat those diseases, the reflecting layman begins to fear his well-armed champion almost as much as his natural enemy. He cannot bring himself to believe in the possibility of moving lightly under so elaborate and cumbrous a panoply. Such a layman will find some comfort in several of Dr. Brown's papers; for this is the aspect of his "noble and sacred" profession with which those papers are concerned. We believe with him that that profession requires more "intellect, energy, attention, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, presence of mind—*ἀγχνοια*, or nearness of the *νοῦς*, as the subtle Greeks called it—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except perhaps that of ruling men." We make no doubt that these qualities are to be seen in operation every day, it is not for us to say where or how: but in writing, they are explained nowhere that we know of with more "sense and genius," than in the book before us.

We had marked for quotation some passages from his criticisms on art, but we have left no room to insert them. We have hinted already, that on this subject we do not always agree with him. The eye, it is said, sees no more than it brings with it the power of seeing; but some eyes bring with them the power of seeing a great deal more than the painter has had the power of showing; and in such eyes, it is not impossible for a daub to appear a masterpiece. But, after all, it is not often that we disagree with Dr. Brown; and where we are at one—to take his distinction—we know no abler exponent of the *soul* of painting than he. With the *body* he does not meddle. But in perception of the thought and feeling of a great picture, and in the faculty of teaching others to understand these things also, he is truly excellent; and this is the one essential element of good art-criticism. We know few things of this kind better than his description of Wilkie's "Distraint for Rent," or of Turner's "Rizpah," except some of Mr. Thackeray's criticisms, and of course, and above all, those of the most mistakes, most

unmannerly, and best art-critic that ever wrote—Mr. Ruskin.

We are not going to criticise it, and we have no doubt that it is well known already to most of our readers; but we cannot part from this book without boldly asserting that "Rab and his Friends" is, all things considered, the most perfect prose narrative since Rosamond Gray. We can find in many books a wider combination of excellences, but so perfect a combination of those which do belong to it of humor and pathos, and genuine human feeling, in none.

We have been going back in this article to those half-forgotten days when Quarterly Reviewers, instead of writing elaborate essays, actually ventured to criticise and talk about nothing but the book before them. We have given a few extracts, after the fashion of those good old times, when Mr. Mudie and his colleagues did not put books into more hands than reviews. But we are not aware that the elder brethren we have been imitating ever indulged in wholesale panegyric. They let no author go without explaining, with something like paternal kindness, to him and the world, the nature of all the faults with which his excellence might happen to be alloyed. If we are like them in the rest, we will resemble them also in that; and before we bid farewell to an author who has been both amusing and instructing us, we mean to take the liberty of indicating some of his defects. It seems to us, for example, that there is a want of fusion in the longer and more important essays; and Dr. Brown interrupts his own sound thinking and good writing a great deal too often, to give us scraps of other people's. We do not object to his Latin and Greek in moderation; but the tender melancholy with which he sees "the tide setting in against the *literæ humaniores*," induces him to tag to his discourse rather too many patches from that quarter, and "quote quotation on quotation" a little too frequently. There is something a little irritating in the very appearance of pages so deformed with dashes, italics, and inverted commas; and still more so, in such awkward and even dangerous collisions between Greek definite and English indefinite articles, as even Dr. Brown's great skill and practice in driving half a dozen languages at once, have not enabled him to avoid. This is one fault of his otherwise admirable style.

Another is, the trick of running a simile to death. Dr. Chalmers, for example, is the sun for half a dozen pages, and then he is a river for half a dozen more. But we must own that, even when his figures of speech are long enough to be wearisome, they have always the merit of bringing out clearly and graphically the meaning they are meant to convey; and this is so rare a merit in new similes and short ones, that it almost induces us to forgive our old friends the sun and the river, even when they have grown to be unwieldy. The worst sin remains. Dr. Brown has studied many great philosophic writers, and knows how to reverence their greatness; and yet there seems to us something singularly free and easy, careless and disrespectful, in his dashing way of disposing of their

merits occasionally in half a line. We limit this criticism to his *Excursus Ethicus*. Elsewhere his tone is different; but that disquisition reminds us of nothing so much as the great Madame de Stael's famous question to Schelling, "Monsieur voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?" She thought, "a petit quart d'heure" was quite enough for such a purpose; and Dr. Brown, in the *Excursus*, seems to think so too.

Our readers do not need to be told again, even after all this fault-finding, that good sense, sagacity, scholarship, humor, and genius, are not to be found in finer combination anywhere than in those two excellent books, in which Dr. Brown has given us the fruit of his leisure.

City and Suburb. By F. G. Trafford, author of "The Moors and the Fens," and "Too Much Alone." Three vols. London: Charles J. Skeet, 10, King William-street, Charing-cross.

THIS is a first-class novel. The author's name is not known to us, for it has not been our good fortune to have seen either of the works referred to in the title-page; but this we feel no hesitation in affirming that such a book as "City and Suburb" cannot fail to attract universal attention. It mainly devotes itself to giving in detail what reads as if it were an actual biography of a proud, highly gifted young man, unaided by friends, flinging himself into the midst of the great battle of life in London, and eventually, by integrity, energy, and talent, coming out of the strife—a conqueror! The hero and his family are all pictures drawn from life, and so distinctly portrayed that they must ever after remain impressed upon the memory as persons with whom one has been well acquainted. In the midst of the family group is one of those creatures,—the curse and the plague of many a homestead,—a beautiful, brainless girl, an unceasing cause of anxiety to all who bear her name, a creature of impulse, with no principles to guide her, and no strong feelings to hold her. In the following manner she is described upon her first appearance:—

"She was just one of those tiresome women who make the best of every thing till they weary of it; and if she had been shipwrecked on some distant island, she would first have shrieked till she had no voice left, and then have fascinated the chief of the tribe, and played at queen till

she tired of her lord and her subjects, when she would have compassed heaven and earth to get off in the first vessel, the sail of which she saw against the horizon."

The power of the author does not consist merely in a clear analysis and a just description of character. Scattered profusely over the pages of the work will be found many wise, thoughtful, and just sentiments, the ripe results of practical wisdom and well-used experience. A single extract will prove this:—

"I would," says the author, "lift up my voice against an error of the day, against the idea that man can triumph over circumstances otherwise than by adapting himself to them. His will proves an engine of power in a sensible and an adaptable man, but it is an engine of destruction in the hands of an obstinate clever fool. The cant of the day is in favor of a man adhering to any determination once made, through misery and poverty to possible success. I believe I advise you better, my reader, when I say that the best laborer in the Lord's vineyard is he who, let him be working ever so hard in his own fields, is ready to leave those fields and seek work elsewhere, when the servants of God—circumstances—prove to him that his work in them will be but fruitless and his labor vain."

We recommend "The City and Suburb" as one of the most interesting and instructive novels we have ever read; a book calculated to afford pleasure to all classes of readers—the humble and the great—to women as to men.—*London Review.*

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From The Spectator, 11 May.

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

It is sometimes a misfortune to be too well informed, and it is one from which the British public suffers on American affairs. Intelligence reaches them in such masses, accompanied with such a profusion of detail, and explained by such an abundance of commentary, that the broad features of the position are scarcely to be released from the wrappings in which they are enveloped. Yet they are sufficiently simple when once the details are thrust aside. That lingering doubt which seems still to affect all English minds, and which springs from an unwillingness to credit events fraught with such unmixed evil, has no place in America itself. There the single order of the day, which all men consciously or unconsciously obey, is best defined in the old Marshal's habitual signal, "Forwards!" Two hostile nations are ranging themselves for battle, and their forces are rapidly crossing the intervening space. Every obstacle, physical and moral, which interfered with actual collision, is being rapidly removed. The leaders of the South, who retain the initiative they have always assumed, have determined to make Columbia their first battle-field, and their troops are pouring towards Washington in detachments. The nearest body has already arrived at Richmond, and it is calculated that by the 1st of May the Southern President will have twenty-five thousand men ready for the attack. They have no hostile territory to cross to reach their goal. The Convention of Virginia, assembled in secret session, has resolved to anticipate the people, and prevent the protest of the Western division by voting the State into the Confederacy of the South. The men of the Western counties, the Americans who own no slaves, and the Germans who hold slave-labor noxious or unprofitable, will doubtless organize a party of their own. But they are shut out from the body of the state by mountains, are essentially slower than their rivals, whose movements are quickened by fear, and will probably find it to their interest to restrict their energies to the supply of both the combatants with food. They have no control over the route to Washington, from the South, and President Davis is organizing his attack from the base of a powerful and friendly state, occupied by nearly a million of whites, and able for a time to supply all necessary commissariat. His road is clear whenever he thinks the hour for action has arrived.

On the other side, the obstacles which existed last week are disappearing with a speed which might suggest to many minds the notion that Providence *designed* the contest to

be summarily fought out. Had Delaware seceded, the advance of the Northern troops by sea, always slow, might have been still further delayed, but Delaware has decided to support the Union. Maryland again, holds all the land routes between Washington and the North, and for weeks Maryland has been supposed heartily friendly to the South. In this event the President must either have conquered Maryland—a difficult and tedious enterprise—or carried on the contest in a besieged city accessible only from the sea. The action of the secret societies, however, seems rather to control the capital than the state. The mob of Baltimore, always the most bloodthirsty in the Union, who attacked the Massachusetts militia, and hunted for Mr. Sumner to hang him for his presumption in passing through their city, are not apparently supported by the majority of the state. The people are disinclined to secede; and as the Northern troops are competent, if necessary, to raze Baltimore, the Maryland routes must be considered no longer closed. Indeed, one line *via* Annapolis, is already held by regular forces, and as soon as the Western contingents now assembling at Harrisburg—the point in Pennsylvania at which the Western strikes the Southern system of railways—arrive, the power of the Baltimore rowdies will be at an end. Civilized men will not regret if a city which fosters associations like the "Blood-tubs" and Plug-uglies—associations compared with which a gang of coiners is a civilized community—should meet the fate it has so long deserved. Maryland once out of the path, the North and South stand face to face on their chosen battle-field. The South may be considered arrived, and the North is pushing rapidly to the front. Two regiments of the Massachusetts men had arrived, one in Washington and the other at Annapolis, while four New York regiments are reported in the capital. Six companies of flying artillery were in readiness at Washington, while from Maine to Annapolis the road was strewn with regiments all marching in the same direction. The news from the West is so fragmentary and uncertain, and all the facts indeed so obscured by clouds of enthusiasm and grandiloquence, that an accurate estimate of Northern numbers is not to be obtained. It would seem certain, however, that Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and New York—the states nearest the scene of action—will have thirty thousand men in the field in good time, while this number will be doubled by the arrival of the Western contingents, and those of the New England States. Behind them a reserve is springing up which, if the war fever

does not cool, will in three months amount to half a million—enthusiastic even if half trained. The character of these battalions it is more difficult to estimate, as the unlimited publicity of America makes every grumble seem important, but they are composed chiefly of two classes—the very flower of American youth, and the lawless, excitable scamps who, under the name of rowdies, are the terror of every Northern city except Boston. These men, if shot in sufficient numbers for disobedience, will make good soldiers, but if the discipline falls short in sternness, their irregular habits will detract greatly from their efficiency. As a whole the force is probably equal to that of the South in courage, superior in *morale*, and inferior only in capacity for discipline and obedience. For a permanent contest, too, they have probably the advantage in artillery. The North is full of cannon, of sorts, and as a navy-yard cannot well be ordered South, Mr. Floyd could not deprive the Federal Government of the stores intended for the ships. Such as they are, another week will report them in position for the defence of Washington, threatened by an equal army from the South.

In a contest like this, in which the people supply the resources their Governments do not possess, materiel is nothing in comparison with a cause. This is said in England to be lacking, but we think with only apparent justice. A nation which is defending its capital from attack cannot be said to lack a cause, even though the assailants should be seceders from herself. Even admitting, what we should strenuously deny, that the South had a claim to Washington, as standing on slave soil, the slaveowners could have no right to seize it while still in possession of their rivals, without negotiation. Still less can they pretend to close the right of way between the capital and the provinces, to annex Maryland without the consent of her population, or declare Wheeling, tilled by freemen, part of a confederacy based on the divine right of slavery. Least of all—for here the South comes in conflict with the facts of nature—can they expect to retain peacefully the mouths of rivers which drain the territory of their foes, to shut the West from the Mississippi, and Pennsylvania from the Potomac. The pretext for war is a dispute on boundaries: ample justification, even if the case is to be judged by the narrowest canons of international law. In truth, however, the present issue is far wider and deeper than this, while other controversies lie behind, so inevitable and yet so broad, that all but enthusiasts shrink from looking steadily at the prospect. It is absolutely essential, not to this or that settlement, but to

any settlement whatever of the existing contest, that the two parties should comprehend their precise comparative strength, and all modes of trial have been rejected save the sword. The South abolished trial by the ballot-box when she revolted against the election of Mr. Lincoln. Trial by argument is impossible, for the adversaries have no *locus standi* common to them both. International diplomacy is equally fruitless, for each party thinks its strength enables it to dictate the terms. There is reason to believe that upon this point very wild delusions prevail upon both sides. The South has been taught, and believes that the Northerners are cowards, incapable of organization, demoralized by labor, and too divided by social strife to unite for resistance to an aggressive and kindred republic. It was the South, the planters allege, which beat England in the last war, which conquered Mexico, and which furnished generals, commodores, and statesmen to the entire Union. The North has been told, and believes, that the South is full of Union men, is frightened by the dearth of food, afraid of the mean whites, afraid of the four million of slaves, without money, and without cohesion. The one delusion is perhaps as baseless as the other, but each is in its own section absolute. The South has for years treated the North as a strong ally treats a weaker but still useful friend. The North, on its part, has given way to that sort of facility with which men often yield to the tyranny of the weak. Till these delusions are dispelled, and North and South understand their relative strength and weakness with some precision, negotiation can have no permanent effect.

We say this is the present issue, but behind it, ever drawing nearer, is the portentous issue on which American politics have for thirty years depended. The ultimate object of the South is the predominance of slavery; the ultimate object of the North is its subjugation. As yet the South has the advantage of its cynicism. It acknowledges its evil end, while the North, aghast at the results a war on slavery must entail, is vainly seeking some other terminus to the struggle. Already, however, as the strife extends, and the North becomes clear that the South is no enemy to be despised, men are habituating themselves to a design which, at first, seemed too terrible for discussion. Already it is said slaves are property, and if Northern property is to be attacked at sea, why not Southern property on land? As long as there remains any hope of negotiation, any conceivable *via media* short of a war of subjugation, the North will hesitate to risk the freedom of slaves. But the moment that

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day passes, and the North finds that the slaves are the prime source of an enemy's military strength, the idea of striking a final blow, of settling the conflict and its cause together, will gain ground in the national imagination. The idea of humanity is powerful in the nineteenth century, but care for the lives of their enemies will not long check a race naturally vindictive, whose blood is mounting rapidly to fever heat. It is not improbable that the great controversy may be precipitated by isolated movements conducted by single men. Already the surviving son of John Brown, "Osawatimie Brown," is collecting his friends to carry out his father's plans, and, if possible, avenge his father's execution. There are many John Browns among the abolitionists, and they are not of the class which forgets that all men lie always under sentence of death, or stop an idea because it may involve a life.

The war, we repeat, is already one for the boundaries of two great nations, and will become one to decide whether slavery shall extend or be finally extinguished.

From The Spectator, 11 May.

THE LAW OF THE AMERICAN SEAS.

THE civil war in the States, besides the general injury to humanity, threatens to inflict a special mischief upon commerce by unsettling maritime law. Most of the principles hitherto observed are wholly or partially unsuited to so unexpected a condition of affairs, and every application of the law involves millions of property, perhaps even the future of states. Sir Richard Bethell, whose influence on politicians we last week denied, is this week arbiter of an important branch of politics. A blunder on his part may cost us more than one by the Foreign Secretary. Take, for instance, the question of the rights of belligerents. Lord John Russell states, acting on advice, that the principle in force is to admit any power as a belligerent possessed of a certain amount of force. The South possesses such a force, and must therefore be recognized as a belligerent. This amounts in practice to a recognition of the South for all maritime purposes, and will create extreme irritation in the Government with which, for moral reasons, Great Britain is bound to sympathize. England, of course, is bound to adhere to a principle if clearly defined, but this rapid decision seems to indicate a slight bias towards the South.

Then as to blockades. A blockade, it is announced, to be respected must be effective, a principle perfectly intelligible. But it is one America has not yet accepted, she indeed having lately raised the strange point

that no state can blockade its own ports. The latter quibble, invented to compel the king of Naples to restore an American ship seized off Palermo, will, of course, be silently laid aside. But no one can doubt that the North will interpret "effective" blockades as loosely as it can, or that a violation of an ineffective blockade will produce intense irritation in the American mind. It is true the European powers, as matters stand, can enforce their own principle, but this country does not desire, in enforcing it, to drift into a position of hostility to men who are contending against an insurrection raised by slave power.

These points, however, are simple compared with those involved in the question of neutral goods. Northern goods, for example, may be taken in British vessels by Southern privateers. Are those goods liable to seizure or not? Clearly, if the Southern Confederacy were not entitled to the rights of belligerents, they could be punished as pirates. But they are declared entitled, and the law is still to be sought. By European law, settled at the Treaty of Paris, "the neutral flag covers enemies' goods, with the exception of contraband of war." But this law has never been formally recognized by America, which did not accede to the Convention of Paris. It is in accord with the right of neutrals so long upheld by America, but it is not the recognized law, and will be far less popular now that it will transfer the carrying trade at once to the British flag.

Then again as to privateers. The European world has agreed to abolish privateers. America has distinctly refused to accept that arrangement. Are privateers to be recognized or not? If they are not, they must be treated as pirates, and the Southern marine is at once swept off the seas. If they are, of what value is an arrangement to which one of the greatest of maritime states refuses to accede, and is allowed to continue to refuse? The complications are endless, and Lord Palmerston distinctly refused even to reply to questions on the law the Government intended to enforce. Every vessel, therefore, which sails for America, sails with a liability to attack, the extent of which its owners cannot appreciate.

Perhaps the simplest and, in the end, the fairest arrangement would be to notify that the European Governments intended to enforce their own law except as regards privateers. But this rule implies a wide exception in favor of the South, and we hold that the radical principle of British policy should be, granted a doubt, to explain that doubt in favor of the North. It is with them, and not with slaveowners, that our

permanent sympathies must lie, and our interests are not very deeply endangered. We want nothing of the South except cotton, and, friendly or hostile, she must either sell her cotton or perish from inability to feed her slaves. To carry out the whole law of Europe is, however, impossible without coercing North as well as South, and the partial arrangement brings some large advantages. It would give to the British the whole of the carrying trade, both North and South, and preserve the communication of both parties with each other and the European world. It would enable the North and South to ship their wheat and cotton, and thus reduce the amount of suffering this iniquitous war must, in any case, produce, by exempting the North from the stoppage of her trade, and Lancashire from the interruption of her cotton supply.

From The Examiner, 11 May.

ASPECTS OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE struggle has at length fairly begun; and while we now talk of it in England, it is not improbable that the first sanguinary encounter may have taken place. The position of the capital has naturally been the first object of solicitude on both sides. Surrounded by the States of the Confederacy, the little territory of Washington has for weeks lain defenceless against surprise, yet no attempt whatever has been made; and the last advices state that the road from Annapolis, by which reinforcements from the North could most easily arrive, had not been stopped as there was reason to apprehend it would have been. The respite thus afforded has been used by General Scott to throw up outworks on several points in the vicinity of the city, and to organize every available species of defence in the suburbs. Several regiments have already made their way from Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, and Massachusetts; and every day the route remains open, the number of the garrison is certain to be further increased. There is said to be no lack of warlike stores at Washington, and great confidence is felt in the judgment and decision of the veteran in command of the place. Why it has not been attacked during the period that it lay defenceless nobody seems exactly to understand. It is perhaps to be accounted for by the supposition generally credited in New England, that notwithstanding all their menace and bluster, the Confederates shrink from hazarding a decisive move before they are better prepared to meet the consequences of a reverse. The morrow of their first signal defeat will be for them one of unspeakable peril, not by reason of its strategic results, which may be immaterial or may

be retrieved, but because the tidings of the overthrow of the Planter Army, spreading as they are sure to do like wildfire from one end of the Confederate States to the other, will whisper in the ear of many a bondsman in the tempting words of the old Jacobite song:

"Now, or never,
Now, and forever."

Few who know the instinctive and traditional spirit of those who have deliberately planned and executed the movement for secession, can doubt the earnestness or gallantry with which they will meet the onslaught of the men of the North. For years, almost for generations, they have been taught and they have been accustomed to consider themselves as an ascendant class, not only as regards their colored dependants, but as regards their more industrious and money-loving fellow-citizens of New England. In Congress and in the general Administration they have managed to possess themselves of a predominant power, resembling in many essential features that which has been so long enjoyed by the owners of real property amongst ourselves. New England presidents have been nearly as rare as plebeian premiers with us; and though the rigorous distribution of seats both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives according to territorial delimitation and electoral numbers, has rendered any preponderance of votes like that to which we are compelled to submit, impossible in America, the planter interest has long succeeded in exercising an overbearing influence both in the Legislature and the Executive Government. It would be strange if habits of irresponsible authority over their social inferiors, and of commanding superiority over their political equals, did not generate among the planters fixed belief in their own superior fitness and capacity to bear rule. We know how intense is a similar persuasion among our own nobility and gentry, though refinement of manners interdicts the unnecessary assertion of the claim in openly offensive phrase. The representative men of our great cities and manufacturing districts are indeed more effectually excluded from all participation in the profits and honor of power than the men of New England and of the Western States have ever been.

But there are many points of analogy between the relative positions of the men of industry and the men of leisure on the opposite sides of the Atlantic: and if we would estimate correctly the temper of haughty defiance with which the battalions of the South will be led into the field, we must bear in mind the elements that constitute their military morale. Amongst these ought not to

be forgotten a greater familiarity with the discipline and habits of the camp. The Americans of our day have had indeed but little opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the profession of arms, as that calling is understood in Europe; but of such opportunities as they have had, a far greater number of the young men of Virginia and Carolina have availed themselves, than of Massachusetts or Michigan: and upon the whole we may safely assume, that hand to hand, and man for man, the troops of the Confederacy would be more than a match for those of the Union. President Davis and his military advisers well know, however, that it is not upon these terms they will have to meet the fearful issue they have raised. The resources of the North in men and *matériel* are vastly greater than any at their disposal; and hence, no doubt, arose the impression that instead of giving time for levies, drill, equipment, and concentration, the Confederate chiefs would try to strike the first important blow by the capture of Washington. That they have not done so augurs better for their prudence and their foresight, than for the actual strength of their position. Masters of the capital, they might indeed have had the satisfaction of inditing instructions to their representatives at foreign courts from the official chambers occupied formerly by Jefferson and Monroe. But once there, it would have been difficult for them to have abandoned the metropolis, and perilous to have undertaken its defence when besieged, as besieged it would surely be. In point of fact the soldiers of the North could desire nothing better than that the seat and centre of war should be fixed beyond the limits of the residuary states, and that all the suffering and loss which the presence of war entails should be confined to one devoted region specially claimed by their antagonists as their own.

With the command of the sea, and industrial occupations uninterrupted within their borders, the still-United States need but calculate how long they would continue the contest, and how many men and dollars per month they would invest in ultimate victory as a grand speculation. The saucy secessionists, indeed, have not scrupled to avow their belief that the "money-worshippers of the North" would sooner tire of civil war than "the sons of Southern chivalry." But there is something more than merely growing tired to be considered in the matter. Beleagured in Washington and blockaded at Charleston and New Orleans, it is difficult to imagine a case more desperate than that of the Confederates must speedily become. The retention of the capital, no matter by what deeds of heroism and self-

devotion, would do nothing to overawe mutiny and revolt among the negroes; and we shrewdly suspect that after a short time nothing will suffice to repress movements of that description but the presence everywhere of disciplined masses under military command. Whenever these are drawn away from any important district by the necessities of the campaign in the Border States, the danger of servile insurrection will be imminent.

This, then, we take to be the reading of the circumspection shown by President Davis and his ministers, as far as events are yet known to us. Meanwhile agents of both sides are known to be in this country engaged in the purchase of vessels capable of being fitted out as ships of war. Pending the decision of the British and French Governments with respect to the threatened resort to the practice of privateering, it is useless to enter into any discussion on the subject. But if ever there was an occasion there is one now on which it is justifiable for the rest of Christendom to take a peremptory tone in the interests of humanity, and to bring its whole concentrated pressure to bear upon combatants who threaten to resume semi-barbarous methods of warfare which the rest of the civilized world have agreed to repudiate.

From The Economist, 11 May.

THE LEGAL RELATION OF ENGLAND AND OF INDIVIDUAL ENGLISHMEN TO THE CIVIL STRUGGLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

NOTHING is more desirable than that we ourselves should have, and that the rest of the world should have, accurate notions of our precise position with respect to the civil conflict which is in progress between the now disunited States of America; and, at the same time, not many things are more difficult. The case is so new that it is difficult to realize its true features and to apprehend distinctly its proper relations either to recognized principles or to our own interests. Curiously, too, we in England have generally been the belligerent and America the neutral nation; and, now that the position is reversed, in some not unimportant points our former tenets are the more agreeable to them and their former tenets are more agreeable to us. In these circumstances our duty is a duty of caution. We should be wary in acting, and almost as wary in speaking: we should be very slow to do any act which would embroil us in a discord from which neither of the combatants can hope for any thing but disaster; and we should be slow, too, in committing ourselves to any interna-

tional *formule* which might in the rapid course of events, from the unforeseen effect of some omitted consideration, commit us to the very course of conduct we wished to avoid, and immerse us in the dangers we had hoped to shun.

Some important conclusions, however, can be laid down very easily and very clearly. In the first place, we should on no account as yet recognize the Southern States as a new nation. Such an act would be wholly uncalled for, either by precedent, by reason, or by natural feeling. We cannot, with our ethical maxims, be over-ready to favor a federation of which slavery is not the accident but the principle: reason tells us that we should be slow to offend a government with which we are in amity by recognizing any seceders from it: the established precedents of international law tell us that we have our choice, and that there is no call upon us to recognize the Southern States of America unless we like it.

On the other hand, we are bound by all sound principle and by precedent to recognize the Southern States as belligerents. Common sense tells us that when two great sections of a nation are contending, whether the cause of strife be mastery on the one hand or independence on the other, or any other cause whatever, it would not only be absurd but wicked to treat either of the combatants as a herd of rioters or casual breakers of the peace. The two parties themselves are obliged to treat each other more or less according to the international law of belligerent relations, and lookers-on must do so also. We adopted this course in the case of Greece and Turkey; and though in no other respect are the Northern States of the Union at all like the empire of Turkey, they are like it in being the state from which the secession is in progress. Both are, to use a phrase familiar to all Scotchmen, the *residuary* states; and the entire difference of collateral circumstances must not withdraw our attention from the single material consideration. It is scarcely necessary to point out what would be our position if we did not recognize the South as having the usual rights of belligerents. We should then be constant and close spectators of a maritime conflict in which we gave one party all the rights of civilization, and the other party none of the rights; in which we recognized one party as regular combatants, and treated the other as tumultuous rebels; in which we, though constantly professing neutrality, should be in fact taking by distinct policy a definite side. It will be very difficult for England as it is to stand clear of all collision in the complicated naval war which seems to be close at hand. Though the force of pri-

vateers and other ships that the South can raise will be petty in comparison with European ideas, it is nevertheless considerable, and may come into collision with us at very many points, and therefore it is our clear interest as well as our great duty to steer clear of the conflict by maintaining an *absolute* neutrality.

This absolute neutrality would in one respect be very favorable to the North. It would compel us to deal with a blockade of the Southern ports as if it were an ordinary blockade between hostile nations. It has been questioned whether a nation could blockade its own ports, and it would be a serious question whether a Government would be justified in using such an extreme expedient to quell a mere local disturbance, or a riot in a town, or some series of acts by a municipality which it did not recognize. But when the ordinary rules of real war are by admission to regulate the conflict, the right of blockade must be accepted as one of the inseparable peculiarities of the adopted code.

It is possible that the American navy may at present be too dispersed to make such a blockade effective for the present, and it is also possible that now that the cotton crop of this year has been shipped, the Southern States will not much care for it for the present; but still it is one of the not improbable incidents of a not very distant future, and therefore it is important to observe that the admission of the South to the *status* of a belligerent will then be as advantageous to the North, as for the moment it is advantageous to the South itself.

These considerations are the most important of any at the present juncture as to the conduct of England as a State. It remains to consider the conduct of individual Englishmen, and on this point the English law is tolerably clear. The Foreign Enlistment Act, which is held to be only declaratory of the common law, is express on the one most essential point. It has been thought that letters of marque could be issued to Englishmen, and that British ships could be fitted out as privateers in London or in Canada, but such acts are as plainly illegal as any words can make them. The Act says: "That if any person, within any part of the United Kingdom, or in any part of his majesty's dominions beyond the seas, shall, without the leave and license of his majesty for that purpose first had and obtained as aforesaid, equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, or attempt or endeavor to equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, or procure to be equipped, furnished, fitted out, or armed, or shall knowingly aid, assist, or be concerned in the equipping, furnishing, fitting out, or arming of any ship or vessel, with intent or in order that such

ship or vessel shall be employed in the service of any foreign prince, state, or potentate, or of any foreign colony, province, or part of any province or people, or of any person or persons exercising or assuming to exercise any powers of government in or over any foreign state, colony, province, or part of any province or people, as a transport or store ship, or with intent to *cruise or commit hostilities against any prince, state, or potentate*, or against the subjects or citizens of any prince, state, or potentate, or against the persons exercising or assuming to exercise the powers of government in any colony, province, or part of any provinces or country, or against the inhabitants of any foreign colony, province, or part of any province or country, with whom his majesty shall not then be at war;" shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and be punishable personally by fine and imprisonment, while the ship so equipped is to be forfeited with its stores and ammunition.

It is happily, therefore, clear that we should not be tempted to embroil ourselves with either party in this disastrous conflict by permitting individuals to fit out privateers to aid and assist the other. It would have been very dangerous to England if our law had by any inadvertence allowed any unauthorized acts of individual intervention. We might then have been drawn into the conflict at any moment by some thoughtless act of some reckless individual, or the overbearing passion of either of two most passionate combatants.

This would have been aggravated if the North should persevere in their unwise declaration to treat the Southern privateers as simple pirates, and to visit them with the appropriate penalties. If, indeed, the United States had been wise enough to abolish privateering when requested to do so by the Congress of Paris, they would have had a clear right to act in the manner proposed. But now they have claimed the right of fitting out privateers for themselves, and are bound to afford to their *brethren* of the South the same advantage of those rules of warfare which they claim for themselves. They are bound in duty to carry on a civil war by the rules which *they* admit to be binding for all other war.

On the whole, therefore, it may be said that the duty of England and of Englishmen is for the moment plain and simple, though painful as in such terrible events any duty must be. It is to stand steadily apart from a course of events in which our participation would help no one who should be helped, and aid no cause which ought to be aided. As nations and as individuals, it is our evident interest and an incumbent obligation

on us to take no part, by word or deed, with either party,—unaffected either by the Free-Trade enthusiasm on the one hand, or the Anti-Slavery enthusiasm on the other.

From Once a Week, 11 May.

AMERICA—ITALY—AUSTRIA.

AMERICAN affairs were the grand interest of last week, as they are likely to be of many weeks to come. That Fort Sumter was overpowered could surprise nobody who knew the locality and circumstances; and that the President should issue a manifesto was a matter of course. What the reason is we hardly know; but there seems to be a disposition on both sides the water to disparage Mr. Lincoln. Not only is he blamed for inaction; but the quality of his action is found fault with in a way which appears to really impartial people, unjust. There is no use in judging him by the standard of anti-slavery; for he is not an anti-slavery man. He is opposed to the extension of slavery to new territory, against the will of the general community: and this is the ground on which he was elected. Beyond this his opinions cease to be a matter of practical interest; for he has not to deal with slavery in any of the States. He favors the more liberal section of his Cabinet; and, if forced to pronounce on the institution where it exists, it is probable that events would soon make an abolitionist of him. But with this the public has at present nothing to do. His proclamation is plain in its terms, and decided in its tone. As for the delay of five weeks in declaring war, if it had not been a necessity, it would have been a merit. But the President had no choice. When he took possession of the political edifice which looked from the outside so noble and venerable, he found it pillaged and half in ruins. The treachery of Mr. Buchanan's executive had disorganized and beggared the whole Federal Government, leaving to the new President the task of reconstituting all the departments, routing out remaining traitors, and finding better men to fill their places; replacing stolen stores, filling the empty treasury, in short, making his own tools, and fetching his materials before he could go to work. If overwhelmed by the Slave States which surround Washington before he was ready, he would have ruined the country. If he had driven the Border States to a premature decision, he would have been answerable for civil war. It will be a matter of wonder hereafter that five weeks sufficed him to get his government to work, so far as to enable him to issue his proclamation on the fall of Fort Sumter.

The importance of the responsibility of the first bloodshed is shown by the efforts made on each side to make the other begin. There has been more lawlessness in the Northern cities than has become known through the newspapers,—the good citizens being well aware that Southern money was in the pockets of the special mob in each place which harassed the prominent republicans and abolitionists. It has been hard work guarding one another and their houses and public halls, and exercising their rights of assembling and speaking under mob-intimidation; but it has been harder work to keep the young men passive where the object was to provoke a street fight, in order to say that the first blood was shed in the Free States. The aim was baffled. The first aggression was committed at Charleston; the first wounds were given in the attack on Fort Sumter; and the first deaths (except by accident) were inflicted at Baltimore, the capital of a Slave State, and the port which is, next to New York, the most deeply engaged in the illicit African slave-trade. The Southern section, after driving on a revolutionary policy for thirty years, made a groundless secession; and has now begun a causeless war. The North is so far responsible that a manly conduct and demeanor would have precluded the mischief, and that irresolution, bred of vanity, fear of loss, and idolatry of the Union, has encouraged both the delusions and the audacity of the South; but beyond this indirect responsibility, the North has no share in the disruption of the Union. Whatever its past faults may have been, its present course is clear; and it may enter on its task of self-defence with the stout heart and strong arm which properly belong to the defensive party in cases of pure aggression.

It may:—but will it?—That is the question anxiously pressed on every hand. In the first American revolution the constant and terrible difficulty was the uncertainty of civic and military support. Royalists were making secret mischief in all the towns; traitors were sowing discontent everywhere, as they are in Southern Italy now; the soldiers started off homewards at critical moments, or ignored opportunities of attacking the enemy, and shirked decisive action of any kind. These things were worse than the poverty of the towns, the defencelessness of the rural districts, and the want of shoes and weapons for the soldiers. Will it be so again? It was a civil war then; it is a civil war now: will the peculiar temptations of civil war operate now as before?

As far as we can judge, it will not be so. There must, it is true, be many Northern citizens whose hearts are half in the South,

through the intermarriage of hundreds of families of the two sections; but in most of these cases, the Southern relatives are of the Union party, who are averse to secession and war. Their inability to act and speak under the pressure of the Secession leaders is an incitement to their friends in the Free States to put down the tyranny as quickly as possible. The fathers and brothers who live on free soil will fight stoutly to put down the rebel authorities who keep sons and daughters and sisters trembling and grieving on their plantations, expecting a rising of the negroes every hour, and seeing nothing but ruin and death in prospect for all who have, willingly or not, turned traitors to the republic.

The Southern trade, for which so much has been sacrificed, is at an end, after all; and the merchants are astonished to find how little they care about it. Except for family connections, Northern citizens are now free to encounter their enemy; and, as has been shown, these family connections are often the strongest incitement of all. Then there is a long accumulation of resentment of Southern insults, and disgust at Southern barbarism and braggartism. Above all, there is an intense sense of relief at throwing off the incubus of slave-institutions, and being restored to caste among the nations of the civilized world. All these things being considered, and the great population and wealth of the country allowed for, it is no wonder that the tramp of troops is heard with enthusiasm in town and village throughout the Free States; that farmers leave the plough, and clerks the desk, and students their colleges, and professional men their clients, to march to Washington. It is no wonder that money flows thither in a full stream, nor that women are as eager as men in offering such service as they can. Under the present awakening, there will be a quick weeding-out of traitors from all the services. From the highest ranks of the army and navy to the lowest of the customs or the post-office, there will be a watch kept upon all half-hearted, and an expulsion of all false-hearted officials; and there can hardly be many of either, now that all question of compromise or reconciliation is over.

The share that the great North-West is claiming in the struggle seems not to be attended to on our side the water; but it is highly important. The stout and prodigious population there have learned by the Kansas question how to appreciate the South,—or its aggressive forces at least. Their pride in their first President renders them intensely loyal. Their commerce is imperilled by the secession of the lower Mississippi

States; and it is certainly the opinion of good judges in the older parts of the Union, that when the Western men begin to swarm down the Mississippi, and attack the seceding States in rear, while a blockade is instituted at sea, they will leave little to be done elsewhere. When we heard last week of encampments at Washington, the collision at Baltimore, and the secession of Virginia, we perhaps did not think of looking further into the interior; but we may perhaps see the scale finally turned by the forces of the West.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Border States have seceded. They are torn by divisions; at least the three principal ones, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri; and half-hearted states are better on the enemy's side. Of all parties concerned, the Union men of those States are perhaps the most to be pitied. Impoverished and degraded by slavery, they have long struggled to rid themselves of it, and now they are to be carried over by their own legislatures to the desperate side, to fight and pay for slavery. They are one of the many elements of peril to the secessionists. Many of them will no doubt cross the frontier, leaving land and negroes to confiscation. Those who cannot so escape must suffer bitterly, whatever happens, before the issue is reached.

All that we hear from trustworthy sources confirms the belief that the secession cause is desperate from the beginning. There is certainly no mistake as to the dearth of money and food, the pressure of debt, the disaffection of the planting interest generally, and the enormity of the lies with which these truths are covered. The numbers of volunteers given in the newspapers could not be actually furnished if the plantations were left entirely unguarded, and the negroes wholly neglected. The impression is strengthened by the braggart tone of the administration and its organs. When it is announced that the Cabinet at Montgomery read Mr. Lincoln's proclamation "with shouts of laughter," people at a distance know what to think. It is the same with the protestations of the loyalty and zeal of the slaves. "Ignorance or worse" is the verdict of all impartial persons on such statements. The warfare is likely to be of a desultory, skirmish sort, judging by the extent of the frontier and the character of the people; and that kind of warfare is likely to convey to the negroes in a very short time a true notion of the real character of the struggle. When the cause is once understood by any single negro, the vanity of the race may be trusted to spread it from the Ohio to the Rio Grande.

Last week the commissioners from the Southern Confederacy arrived, and there

was a good deal of curiosity about the precise object of their coming. It was rumored that one of their objects was to raise a loan; but few would credit it. There is no belief that adequate security exists; and if it did, it would be of no value when proffered by men who are implicated in acts of repudiation. Not only have some of the seceding states made themselves notorious by their repudiation of debts, but some of the new Administration, and especially its head, are under that disgrace in the eyes of the world. It was so desperate a notion that Mr. Jefferson Davis' Government could expect to obtain money from Europe, that it was extensively disbelieved.

The subordination of the selfish to the sympathetic spirit in our North American colonies has been admirable throughout the last five months. They have expressed regret, which no one doubts to be genuine, at their neighbors' strife. But sooner or later they must consider the effect on their own interests; and last week we perceived indications that the time had come. The colonists everywhere, from the Atlantic to the furthest frontier of Canada, anticipate a great immigration from Europe, as the tide will turn from the shores of the United States to theirs. Their ports and their shipping, and their canals and railways will all be wanted for the new commerce which must flow in when half the American ports are blockaded, and the commercial world of the Union has gone soldiering. The issue of letters of marque by the Montgomery Government, and President Lincoln's notice that privateering will be treated as piracy, must give over the carrying trade to the merchant navies of other countries, and especially of our own.

The Fourth-of-July celebrations will be something singular and memorable this year. Congress will meet, to sanction civil war. There will be a hush of boasting, which is on that day usually so resonant in the land. The true patriots, who have thus far saved the republic from a servile war, may give thanks and rejoice; but the rest of the nation must gaze down with horror into the impassable chasm which has opened in their national structure.

It was satisfactory to all England to hear Lord John Russell's reply to an inquiry as to our position in regard to this great event. "For God's sake, let us keep out of it!" said our Foreign Secretary, of this quarrel: and the words may be taken as, and will be, those of the country at large. Ministers are in consultation with the law officers of the crown, in order to attain the utmost discretion in guarding British rights without taking any part in American quarrels.

There is no week now which does not bring important news from the Continent. Last week we were supplied with the particulars of the reconciliation between Garibaldi and the minister and general of the king. The candor and nobleness of the man were just what might have been expected from him; but the whole affair leaves a painful impression of insecurity. Garibaldi has been so often misled now that his self-recoveries cease to inspire confidence. He cannot resist the influence of associates; and his associations are determined by the craft of others. For the present, however, he is induced to be quiet.

The schism in the clerical body in Italy became avowed last week in a distinct manner. It appears that the Italian clergy, who venerate the pope's spiritual power too highly to apprehend any danger to it from the loss of temporal possessions, are under apprehension for religion from opposite sides. They fear the worldliness and superstition of the Ultramontane clergy on the one hand, and the inroads of Protestantism (so called) on the other. Speaking accurately, it is not, for the most part, Protestantism which conflicts with Catholicism in Northern Italy; for the Waldenses never having been Catholics are not Protestants. They hold the ancient faith which has come down from a time prior to Romanism, being preserved in the seclusion of Alpine life, unchanged from century to century. They have come out into the world with their faith now,—have a fine cathedral at Turin, and many churches elsewhere,—and are persuaded that it is their mission to convert Italy from Romanism. What schismatics from the Romish Church could not effect, they believe to be their work, as holding an unchanged faith older than either; and their success is understood to have been consid-

erable within the last fifteen years. To encounter at once this body and the pope's proud and rancorous and rapacious priests, the liberal clergy have formed associations in all the provinces, and issued declarations of their objects. They propose unions and congregations for the guardianship and promotion of civil, for the sake of religious, liberty; and that, when these centres of action are in work, they shall send deputies to a general assembly, which shall institute a complete organization. A journal is to be set up, to restrain the encroachments of Protestant doctrine: the assembly is to determine controversies by the canons of the Councils, to the exclusion of party authority: and the aim of the whole scheme is the reconciliation of religion with an advancing civilization, in avowed and steadfast opposition to the party in the Church which stakes its interests on a system of political rule, and social morals and manners, which is the disgrace of Christendom. Every member must be a friend to civil and religious liberty, and a loyal subject of King Victor Emmanuel. We have no news from Italy more significant than this.

The great continental event of the week was the opening of the Council of the Austrian Empire on May-day. The emperor spoke as if he really believed the existence of his empire to depend on the working of his new constitution. His call to the people of the various provinces to help the effective working can hardly seem to himself likely to avail, amidst the clash of interests and of claims, and the general distrust of his own stability. Whatever may happen, however, it is a memorable incident that an emperor of Austria has avowed to the whole world that the welfare of his crown and people depends on the success of any new representative system whatever.

MR. RAVENSTEIN'S work on "The Russians on the Amur," which we lately announced, will be ready in a few weeks. It will consist of two parts, one historical, the other geographical, statistical, and commercial. The former will give the history of Russian adventure on the Amur in the seventeenth century to the treaty of Nerchinsk; the Amur, whilst in possession of China; the labors of the Roman Catholic missionaries in Manchuria; and lastly, the proceedings of Russia since the appointment of General Muraviev-Amursky as governor-general of Eastern Siberia

in 1848. Very few of these late events have become known to the public, and the author has been able to avail himself of information communicated to him by gentlemen who have themselves taken a part in the occupation of the country. Mr. Ravenstein charges Mr. Atkinson, who lately published a work on the same subject, with never having been on the Amur, the information which his "Travels on the Amur" contains, and the illustrations, having been taken from Mr. Maack's book.—*London Review.*

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